

JUNE 6, 1955

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500-ton Townsend Dairy truck delivers milk throughout southeast Texas.

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COVER: RAINBOW TROUT

Photograph by David Goodson

The rainbow on our cover is doing what comes naturally—leaping—at the sting of a fly's hook. No trout matches the rainbow's reputation as an aerial performer, and probably no trout has been as widely introduced. This native of the U.S. West has been stocked in New Zealand, Chile, East Africa and Europe, to name a few far places. In French Canada they call this splendid fish *arc-en-ciel*—literally "arch in the sky"—and Horace Sutton reports on the seasonal trout fishing there in an article on page 64.

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

IKE'S FAVORITE BRIDGE HAND: TRY IT YOURSELF

Everyone knows the President as a golfer. Here is the little-known story of the game he plays best

THE MENACE TO OUR NATIONAL PARKS

Unless John Citizen takes drastic action soon, says Wallace Stegner, a great heritage will be destroyed

MEET THE ATKINSONS

An introduction to Ted and his wife Martha, and a report on the home life of a top-notch jockey

SCOREBOARD

A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Arnie Sweell**, Ithaca, fast-moving Pitt junior, outgassed Purdue's Tom Courtney by two yards in stalling 1:49.1, bettered national collegiate record of 1:48.8 for half mile in NCAA championships at Randall's Island, N.Y. (see page 28).

● **Charlie Dumas**, lanky, long-legged Centennial High School senior from Compton, Calif., scored 8 feet 9½ inches (nearly three this year he surpassed 4-foot 7½-inch record), set new U.S. schoolmark in California Interscholastic Federation meet at Los Angeles. Other record breakers in same meet: Todd White of Newport Harbor, who ran superb 4:00 mile;

Jefferson High School Los Angeles teammate of Henry Phillips, Willie White, Harold Brice and Ed Walton, who slipped through half-mile relay in 1:27.2. ● **Diane Leather**, attractive 22-year-old English laboratory assistant, first woman to break five minutes for mile, did it again, was clocked in 4:58.8 at London, fastest time ever recorded by woman, and new British standard. ● **George Koltanowski**, durable 50-year-old San Francisco chess expert, played 110 simultaneous games in 12 hours 18 minutes, won 83, drew 17, lost four, broke old record of 101 set by late José Capablanca of Spain.

AUTO RACING

Bob Sweikert, of Indianapolis, pushed his John Sisk Special at average speed of 138.268 mph, won grueling Memorial Day 500-mile race at Indianapolis Speedway in which death overtook veteran driver **Bill Vukobrat**, winner in 1953-54 (see page 24).

Juan Manuel Fangio, caffeine Argentinian, maneuvered his Mercedes out in front by scant two yards at finish, edged England's Stirling Moss in close dead heat (both were timed in 44:52.3, had average speed of 80.08 mph) to win 500-mile sports car race at Nurburgring course, Germany.

Annalisa de Francini and **Luigi Musso** of Italy took turns at wheel of powerful 3,000-cc Maserati, set lap and course records, won crash-filled 500-mile Super-Cortemaggiore Grand Prix in 54:41.1 at Monza, Italy.

BASEBALL

Brooklyn, still leading National League by six games, fell apart in 12-1 beating by two-place Pittsburgh, who finally snapped 11-game losing streak, but Dodgers quickly bounced back to trim Pirates 6-3 for unbeaten **Dan Newcombe's** seventh straight, took two out of three from New York Giant. Fresh from four straight losses to rumpaging Philadelphia Phillies, Giants got well-pitched game from **Sal Maglie**, pinch-hit home run by **Bobby Holman**, his third of year and ninth of career to tie major league record, another homer by **Willie Mays** to end Dodgers 5-1, then suffered while Brooklyn was next two 5-3, 5-3 despite triple play started by **Giant** **Sheldon Harnack** Dave Williams in second game of series (see page 28).

Chicago Cubs and **Philadelphia Phillies** made week's biggest gains. Cubs swept three-game set from St. Louis 4-0, 5-1, 5-4 on splendid pitching of **Paul Scharer**, **Bob Rush** and veteran **Howie Pollet**, dropped one to Milwaukee 7-6 before rapping Braves 5-3, 9-4 to move into second place ahead of Giants. Struggling Phillies tore off seven straight at expense of Giants and hapless Pittsburgh, vacated cellar.

President **Gusie Busch**, disappointed at St. Louis' 432 percentage, changed bases in midweek, fired **Eddie Stanky**, brought in **Harry (The Hat) Walker** from Rochester to manage Cardinals.

New York Yankees, feeling quite at home in first place in American League standings, stretched lead over second-place Cleveland

to three games with six straight over Washington and Baltimore after losing to Senators 5-2 at week's start. **Bullet Bob Turley** came up with brilliant three-hitter to beat Washington 6-3 for eighth win, **Johnny Kuck**, **Whitey Ford**, **Eddie Lopat** and **Red Grier** turned in winning efforts, **Yogi Berra**, **Eddie Robinson** and **Mickey Vernon** shared hot soundly as **Manager Casey Stengel** nodded approvingly.

Chicago White Sox, fighting to move into second place, knocked out Herb Score, beat Cleveland 4-1, upset Bob Lemon 7-1 on **Jack Burnham's** five-hitter before losing to Indians 14-3. Detroit spilled White Sox 1-0 in series opener, then lost 14-0, 9-1. Cleveland came back to dump Kansas City 7-0, 4-0 as **Larry Remy** smacked 400-foot homer, **Steve** picked up fifth victory.

Ted Williams returned to action, was hit to help as Boston lost to Washington 5-3, contributed triple and double next day as Jackie Jensen ended pair of home runs to help Red Sox trounce Senators 12-7. Earlier in week, **Rookie First Baseman Norm Zachary** unloaded three homers, bashed in 16 runs, led Boston to 14-0 win over stumbling Washington.

ROWING

Navy, its long winning streak shattered by Penn and sixth-place finisher in Eastern regatta, snapped back for **Coach Rusty Cuthow** (see page 28), took lead from recovered Washington at halfway mark, then beat out surprising Stanford by boat length in slow 5:44.5 to win Western sprint championship at Newport Beach, Calif.

TRACK AND FIELD

László Tóth, little-known Hungarian soldier who wasn't good enough to make his country's team for 1954 European Games, astonished world with remarkable 3:39 mile in magnificent race which also saw admirable **Chris Chatterway**, runner-up to Dr. Roger Handberg and John Landy in two other sub-four-minute miles, and **Brian Hewson**, RAF bombardier, clocked in 3:55.8 at London's White City Stadium (see page 28). Next day **Wes Santee** took still another shot at elusive goal, failed again. With no challenging rival, uninspired **Kennan** ran 4:55.4 in **Curry Kerner** Mile at Reading, Pa.

Southern California, spurred by **Ernie Shook's** record-breaking 4-foot 10-inch leap in high jump, scored 65 points, dominated Pacific Coast Conference championships, except to 10th consecutive title at Eugene, Ore. Fourth-place Oregon's **Bill**

DeBinger ran mile in 4:59 to crack 14-year conference record; teammate **Ken Brice** carved out 9:03.8 victory in two miles, accounted for third new mark.

Michigan captured seven first places, rolled up smashing 62 1/2-point total, outclassed defending champion Illinois to win Big Ten crown at Columbus, Ohio in meet marred by high winds and heavy downpour which flooded track. Northwestern's **Jim Gulliford**, with assist from horse, streaked through 0:59.3 hundred for second time this year in semifinal heat, won final in 0:49.3, captured 120 in 0:21.3. Only double winner: **Willard Thompson** of Illinois, who skinned over 120-yard high hurdles in record-equalling 0:14, took 220-yard low hurdles in 0:28.

Manhattan won only one individual victory but scored in 12 of 16 events, placed second in mile relay after Penn State entry was scratched, edged **Nittany Lions** 16 to 13 3/4 at Randall's Island, N.Y., to complete clean sweep of ICAA titles. **Charles Pratt** gave Manhattan lone triumph in 224-yard low hurdles in 0:23, was second to Duke's **Joel Shunkle**, who also won broad jump, in record-tying (9:14.1) 100-yard high hurdles. **Pitt's Arnie Sweell** accounted for national mark of 1:48.1 in half mile, set pace for five other ICAA-record-breaking efforts. Penn State's **Researcher Gier** matched Shunkle's double win, took shot-put and discus.

HORSE RACING

Nashua, William Woodward Jr.'s exciting bay son of Nasrullah, was permitted to go to the pace early by **Eddie Aronca**, ran down powerful-striding Saratoga in spectacular duel, sprinted under wire first by length in \$114,344 Freshman at Pimlico, Md. **Nashua's** 1:34 2/5 for mile and three sixteenths broke **Ten Poo's Pimlico** record, was history's fastest Freshman (see page 19).

High Voltage, Wheatley Stable's 3-year-old gray filly, got smart ride from skilful **Ted Atkinson**, raced home two and a half lengths in front of **Cain Hoy's Lulu** to win \$61,500 Canebine Club American Oaks at Belmont Park, N.Y., fulfilled hopes of betters who made her odds-on choice.

Louis B. Mayer's Alden let **Determiner** and **Invader** **Ed Dray** run themselves out in early going, moved up on leading **Mister Gun** in stretch, scooped ahead to win by three-quarter length in track record time of 1:34 4/5 for mile in \$55,259 Argonaut Handicap at Hollywood Park, Inglewood, Calif.

JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

Is Babe Didrikson the greatest all-round athlete of all time?

RICHARD M. NIXON, Whittier, Calif.



Vice-president of the United States

"It's a dead heat between Miss Didrikson and Jim Thorpe. Babe would be the last person to say she could beat Jim in his sport."

But she is great in sports Jim didn't play. Golf is one. Babe is a superlative golfer. Ten months after a serious cancer operation, she won the Senior Invitational."

CHARLES SPITZER, New York



Sales manager, Spotted Match Brands

"Yes. Babe has great sportsmanship, humility and courage, the attributes of any all-round great. We think of her as a great golfer, but she excelled in every sport. She pitched in a game for the St. Louis Cardinals against the Boston Red Sox. And she pitched for The House of David team."

but she excelled in every sport. She pitched in a game for the St. Louis Cardinals against the Boston Red Sox. And she pitched for The House of David team."

JANE PICHEN, Atlanta, Ga.



Singer-actress

"No. Bob Mathias is the greatest. Sure, Babe is a great all-round athlete. But in what sport could she beat Bob? Furthermore, I'm sure if Bob made up his mind to beat her at golf, bowling, billiards or in any other sport at which she is a whiz, there's no doubt in my mind that he could beat her."

MAJ. GEN. ROBERT FINSON, Toulouse, France



Chief of French Army Engineers

"A woman the greatest athlete? You Americans are so dumb. It is true that this Babe is 'some lady,' as you Americans say. But she could never beat Lacoste, the conqueror of Bill Tilden. And I saw Jim Thorpe in the Olympics when I was a boy. No one was as great as your Indian."

GEN. LUCIEN B. CLAY, New York City



Chairman of the Board, Continental Can Co.

"She is wonderful, an inspiration to all, but in my lifetime there was never anyone to compare with Jim Thorpe. No one could match his sheer power, speed and all-round athletic brilliance. Would anyone presume to assert that Miss Didrikson could beat him in the majority of athletic events?"

RICHARD G. COWELL, Washington, D.C.



Founder, Amusement Corp.

"Yes. In addition to her golf genius, Babe hit three home runs in one baseball game; scored 100 points in a basketball game; whacked a golf ball 400 yards; threw a baseball 290 feet in a Jersey City tournament; bowled 268 in one game; and she was an excellent marksman, cyclist and swimmer."

A. HOLLY PATTERSON, Rensselaer County, N.Y.



County executive

"No. Jim Thorpe is generally acclaimed as the greatest all-round athlete. He was part of my early life, the hero of the entire sports world. But Babe Didrikson is one of the greatest all-round athletes of all time, man or woman, because of her sportsmanship, courage and proficiency in every sport."

DEREK ROY, London, England



Swindler

"She certainly is. Babe has competed in England. She beat the pants off everyone there. In her prime I'm sure she'd beat every athlete in the British Empire Games, with the possible exception of Roger Bannister. But I'm no expert. This known on my face is not an athletic one. It's London rain."

GEN. HUGH (PAT) GABER, USA, Ret.

MacArthur's Chief Engineer in the Pacific



"No. That honor belongs to Bob Mathias. In 1948, when he was 17, he won the Olympic Decathlon with more points than Jim Thorpe. He broke his own record in the 1952 Olympics. He'll be 26 in 1954 and can win again. Bob can defeat anyone in all-around sports events."

THE DUKE OF MONTELLANO

Madrid, Spain



"Yes. We know about Babe Didrikson in Spain. Many of us saw her in the 1932 Olympics, where she established new records.

Too bad she did not take up bullfighting. It is more than a sport; it's an art. Had she done so, Babe would be a legend for Spanish speaking people 1,000 years from now."

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST JR.

New York City
President, Hearst
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"She is undoubtedly the greatest all-round women athlete of all time. But many sports men feel that Jim Thorpe is the greatest athlete who ever lived. Furthermore, we've had many four-letter men in our colleges. How can you get experts to agree that Babe is a greater athlete than these greats?"

NEXT WEEK'S QUESTION:

Should the United States go all out to build an Olympic team that can beat Russia in 1957?

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Subscription Rates: 1 yr. \$5.00, U.S. and Canada and active military personnel anywhere in the world, all other subscribers 1 yr. \$6.00.

Please address all correspondence concerning SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, editorial and advertising matters to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 6 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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TWO weeks ago the various departments of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED got together to consider the progress of the 41 eventful weeks that had passed since August 16, 1954 when our first issue appeared. A highlight of the occasion was a report by Managing Editor Sidney L. James.



MANAGING EDITOR JAMES

In the summer of 1953, TIME Inc.'s management asked Sid James to develop a magazine of sport. And the concluding paragraphs of James's speech in the spring of 1955 are, I feel, an outstanding description of the position in today's journalism of the magazine that he and his staff developed.

"I think you can almost say that today—three months short of a year since our first issue—there already exists something like a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED tradition. Maybe tradition

isn't precisely the right word for it. But I can assure you that there exists a unique attitude, a high state of morale, an enthusiasm, a zest and confidence that persists and flourishes in the face of almost daily deadlines. Maybe we can attribute it to the fact that—for the most part—we write a continuing happy story. We cover a happy world.

"And most important of all, in this early stage of our career, our readers have learned to talk about us as though we have been around forever.

"They have learned in less than a year what to expect from us. They've learned that we won't hesitate to speak out against degrading influences in sport. They know they can depend upon us for thorough word-and-picture coverage of big events; they know, too, that we'll bring them a good supporting coverage of the off-the-mainline events that never get into the newspapers.

"It just doesn't seem possible now that less than a year ago there was no SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, there was no place of assembly for the vital, articulate and intelligent readership we now serve.

"It is unthinkable that all the great sports photography and sports writing we have published since last August would never have seen the light of day had it not been for SI.

"It is as if the great human pageant had never had a magazine called LIFE. It is as if the world of affairs had never had a magazine called TIME. It is as if American business and the greatest industrial production in history had never had a magazine called FORTUNE.

"As in the case of TIME, LIFE and FORTUNE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has now staked its claim to its share of the nation's precious reading time.

"That SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has succeeded in doing this in less than a year is something of a publishing miracle. I'm proud—as I know every one of you is proud—to have been a witness to the miracle—and a part of it."

Harry Phillips

NOW AT FIELD'S . . . REGENCY, the world's first pocket radio...

hold the world of radio in your hand

Here, now, is the radio you've been promised since the development of the transistor. Measures just 3x5x1 1/4 inches . . . weighs only 12 ounces! Slips easily into pocket or purse. Available also with leather carrying case.

Superheterodyne circuit provides clear, sharp-toned reception. Listen either through acoustically-baffled speaker . . . or tiny earphone.

As a spectator . . . as a sportsman . . . have the world of sports with you, wherever you go, with Regency. Available in black, ivory, mandarin red and cloud gray—all with gold-colored trim.

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Actual Size



Thoroughbred Racing at the World's Finest Tracks

(Formerly Lincoln Fields) **BALMORAL-AT-WASHINGTON PARK** (May 16-June 18)

ARLINGTON PARK (June 20-July 30) **WASHINGTON PARK** - (Aug. 1-Sept. 5)

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LARGEST ESCALATOR SYSTEM IN SPORTS

ESCALATORS TO EVERY SEAT

System installed at Arlington Park and at Washington Park provides transportation to every floor, clubhouse and grandstand.

RACING AT ITS BEST!

The coordinated B. J. and J. Lincoln-Washington racing program. American to have sport of a first-class race at a superbly located and equipped track.

Here will be the best events... topped in sports, and making \$100,000 a race.

Approximate seating capacity and prices will be determined during the coming week of racing.

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Spacious, beautiful Arlington Park and Washington Park each has 30,000 seats for your comfort.

BEST ADMISSION PRICE OF ANY MAJOR TRACK ... \$1.00 (GRANDSTAND), \$1.75 (CLUBHOUSE) ... 2 P.M. WEDNESDAYS ... and 3 P.M. SATURDAYS & HOLIDAYS
(see Times for details)

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Over 15,000 cars can be parked on our own grounds at each track.

Success...



Recent Arnolt-Bristol successes include a near sweep of the two litre class at the 1968 Solberg Grand Prix — 1st, 2nd, 4th, and 5th. Plus the overall wins prize. At the Cumberland National SCCA Race, 1st in the two litre class, 2nd overall in the 14-hour Cumberland Businessmen's Trophy event. And in Arnolt-Bristol is the current co-holder of the SCCA two litre championship.

For "Victory specials," these Bristol-powered, Bertone-bodied thoroughbreds are built-for-belt duplicates of the Arnolt-Bristol competition model you can own, race, drive anywhere for a hard-to-believe \$3,995.

Add custom leather seats and interior, deep-pile carpeting, an aircraft-type instrument panel, special top and bumpers to the same race-proven chassis and you have the Arnolt-Bristol luxury model. It's price tagged at \$4,995 — thousands of dollars less than motor cars of comparable distinction. The test drive of your lifetime is as close as your telephone.



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**NOW
IT'S
POP'S
TURN**



Fair weather friend? Not Dad. And now that Father's Day is coming up, more than kindly thoughts are in order. It's his turn, in fact, to be on the receiving end . . . and a gift from Lytton's is one of the nicest things he can receive. We no longer furnish celluloid collars, high-button shoes or some of the other elegant finery that was in vogue when we first started serving fathers back in '88. Our price tags, though, reflect the wonderful values of the "good old days," and any modern Dad will be genuinely delighted with the apparel ideas we now provide. Come in to Lytton's and see!

Lytton's

Father's Day is June 19th

CHICAGO

EVANSTON

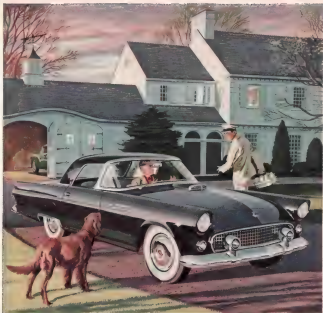
OLK PARK

EVERGREEN

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The Thunderbird joins you in the house.

6 a.m. THUNDERBIRD time

Doctor, Lawyer, Merchant, Chief—no matter who you are—you'll find yourself going up early when your garage is home to a Thunderbird. For here is a truly delightful package of sheer pleasure—all the way from its "let's go" look to the "let's go" performance of its Thunderbird Special Y-block V-8.

What's more—that comfortable seat is nearly five feet wide and it's power-operated. The steering wheel is still another comfort feature

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As for weather—your Thunderbird can have an easily demountable hard top and/or a snug fabric top. Windows roll up . . . power-operated if you like. Power steering, power brakes, Overdrive and Speed-Trigger Fordomatic are also available. These are important details, but the main thing is the low and mighty car itself! Why don't you obey that urge and try one today. Your Ford Dealer is the man to see.



This is the Thunderbird Special Y-block V-8 4-barrel carburetor, 8.5 to 1 compression ratio, 198-hp. with Fordomatic . . . try it!

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WHITE STAG COTTON

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COOL-ORDINATES

You're COLORFUL in White Stag's
crisp-cool cotton *Patio Poplin*.

Action-tailored, both short and slack
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with these handsome Cool-ordinates . . .
In 11 Sunfasted-washable colors!

*For Father's Day, June 19th . . .
Put POP in POPLIN by White Stag
Pre-washed slacks, avoid an abrasion*



THE SHIRT \$4.95 THE SLACK \$7.95 • THE JACKET \$16.95 THE SHORT \$4.95

EVENTS &
DISCOVERIES

The impossible mile • Prediction without honor

The wonderful world of Savoyport • Baseball park

cuisine • No frankness re Frankie • Umps' heaven

DO WE HEAR 3:59?

THREE MEN—all of them marvelous athletes, but none of them specialists and none of them keyed for superhuman sacrifice—ran a mile in less than four minutes at London's White City Stadium (see p. 38). Only 13 months ago the four-minute barrier seemed all but impregnable, and Dr. Roger Bannister did not pierce it without calling on an audacity which few men possess and experiencing depths of physical agony which few men could endure. Both Bannister and John Landy steeled themselves for their dramatic duel last August like men preparing to run through fire.

In so doing, it now seems quite obvious, they relieved the minds of other men. This is not to say that Hungary's second-string Miler Laszlo Tabori found it easy to run 3:59, nor that England's old pacer, Chris Chataway, or his teammate Brian Hewson, managed 3:59.8 without tribulation. The four-minute mile will always be a fierce test of both spirit and body. Conditions at White City Stadium were almost perfect: the air was windless, cool and winy, the track was damp and resilient, and a pacer brought the field to the half-mile mark in just a shade over two minutes.

Two years ago, after such a start, the best of milers might well have been hindered by a fear of running themselves into the ground. But though Chataway had never exceeded 4:04, and Tabori and Hewson had never broken 4:05, they battled on, unchecked.

Their last quarter, run in reckless quest of victory, and with little thought of the clock, was by far faster than any lap Bannister or Landy ran in any of their performances—56.8—and three men were astounded to discover they had joined the immortals. After hearing the time, Bannister's coach, Franz Stampf, predicted forthwith that the mile will soon be run in 3:59.

INTERIM REPORT

LAST APRIL Jim Gallagher, business manager of the Chicago National League Baseball Club, more informally known to North Side Chicagoans as the Cubs and something of an institution since 1876, wrote us a letter which

wound up with the sentence: "Congratulations on the fine job you are doing with the magazine, but don't bet your money on your baseball expert." In the previous issue, our baseball expert had described the outlook for the Cubs as follows: "Far from bright. Too many weak spots. No better than seventh, possibly the cellar." That this was a reasonable bit of speculation on the part of our expert was substantiated by the fact that Jim Gallagher, an obviously biased party, was the only man in the whole wide baseball world who raised his voice in objection. We were convinced that Gallagher had taken leave of his senses, but right now, as we flip the calendar to another

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

A three-man conquest of the four-minute mile, run with relative casualness at London's White City Stadium, highlighted one of the most exciting sports weeks of the year:

Reidar Sævi's Nashua set homeplayers to wondering if his Kentucky Derby conqueror, Swaps, could beat him again; he caught flying Saratoga in the stretch and won the Preakness at Pimlico by a length in 1:54½ — fastest time in the 82-year history of the race and a track record for the distance.

In Big Ten track, Northwestern's Jim Gelsley again ran 100 yards in 9.3, matching the world's best time for the distance. Meanwhile, Pitt's smooth-striding Arnie Sewell (who was bumped off the track in the Calumet Relays 189 and Fordham's big, driving Tom Courtney (who was disqualified for doing the bumping) raced shoulder to shoulder at New York's RC4A

track meet through the fastest college half mile ever run. Sewell won in 1:43.1; Courtney was clocked in 1:49.2—both breaking the record of 1:49.8.

In baseball, Brooklyn and the lagging Giants battled like cats on a hot tin roof in a series that included sharp pitching, a pinch-hit home run and a triple play.

Apparently wary of defending Manager Eddie (The Brat) Stanky against the best fans and players, the St. Louis Cardinals' Owner August A. Busch Jr., suddenly fired him and turned over the team (in sixth place) to a quieter man, ex-time Cardinal Outfielder Harry (The Hat) Walker.

A small frog named Edie Lulu, according to straight-faced reports, hopped 19 feet 11½ inches in Natal, South Africa to break the world "frog jumping record" by more than two feet.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

(continued from page 13)

month, we are not so sure. The name in second place just below the Dodgers in the National League standings is unmistakably, as any expert could tell you, that of the Cubs.

SPORTSMAN SPIES

UNTIL the job turned his stomach, Yuri A. Rastvorov used to be a Soviet intelligence officer in Japan. In the current issue of LIFE, Ex-agent Rastvorov reveals still a further side of the Soviet approach to sports:

"In the spring of 1953 our intelligence office in Tokyo received instructions from Moscow to collect all possible information on the strengths and weaknesses of local teams and athletes and to report on the honesty and quality of the managers, coaches and trainers of nationally known sports teams."

"The implications of this last instruction were obvious . . . I had a conversation with the coach of the Dynamo basketball team in which he admitted that the buying of foreign officials and judges was a routine part of Soviet sport strategy."

There is no evidence so far that the Russians have succeeded in subverting non-Russian sports officials—despite their acknowledged success in other fields of subversion. After all, despite formidable tales about the Russian athletic steamroller, Soviet athletes have done about as well as might be expected of a country of 193 million, not suspiciously better.

Nonetheless, there can be little doubt of Soviet intentions in the world of sport. Ex-agent Rastvorov points out that the Soviet athletics program is under the direct control of the Central Committee of the Communist Party. And sporting corruptible officials is only one of the jobs of Moscow intelligence. Quite as important is the spotting of foreign teams the Russians can look on the level, preferably teams which have enjoyed an international reputation. In 1954 the Russians took on and defeated several foreign countries at their own native games—"the Canadians at hockey [though the Canadians got vengeance for that last March], the British at soccer, the Norwegians at skating."

Although the Soviets boast that professional athletics does not exist in their country, various departments of the state vie with each other in recruiting athletes, who are given nominal

jobs in recompense. Most successful recruiter: the secret police, which operates the Dynamo club, most famous and powerful of all sports organizations in Russia, with a membership of 500,000 throughout the country. Athletes do not lightly turn down an invitation to play for the secret police.

Rastvorov reports that because of 3,000 rubles (\$1,200) and a cut of the gate receipts go to members of the winning team in the All-Union Soccer Championships. The title Master of Sport entitles the athlete to a fine medal and a monthly check. A player in a slump may find himself charged with amateuristic activity. The famed Saurousin brothers, builders of the great Spartak soccer team of the 1930s and still called "the fathers of Soviet soccer," were sent to Siberia.

"We may expect to see more and more Soviet teams abroad winning more and more victories," says Rastvorov. "These same teams of rigidly controlled and highly paid amateurs will then appear at the Olympics."

FRANKFURTER LORE

THE SAUSAGE, variously known as Frankfurter, red hot and hot dog, is as much a symbol of baseball as bat, ball or glove. Any fool knows that, but the question is: how do you like yours—steamed or grilled?

Most eastern ball parks serve the steamed dog, take it or leave it. Chicago parks offer a choice. In Kansas City they grill them and consider steaming an abomination. Said a Kansas City fan at a mustard dispenser: "It'd just as lief eat a steamed airline steak as a steamed hot dog."

In Milwaukee they call them "Frankfurts," grill them and steam them and also offer a king-size Brothered for \$35.



TURNABOUT

*I fished all day without a hit,
No piscatorial glories.*

*Not the fisherman's reward though it might,
Trifling people stories.*

—EINSTE BLANCHARD

help yourself to barbecue saues. Plain dogs sell for 25c in Milwaukee and also in New York, Cleveland, Boston and Washington. All other parks get two bits. Some franks are all real, some all beef, some all pork, some a mixture.

Aside from the taste, it's good showmanship to grill franks, in the view of Dan Silverstein, concession manager



at the Kansas City ball park. "You can't smell a steamed dog," he points out, "but the grilling franks give off a tantalizing aroma that makes a passer-by's mouth water."

Dan Bauer, top dog of the Comiskey Park concessions in Chicago, agrees. "We sell both steamed and grilled, but with fans who know their franks, it's grilled two to one. I personally prefer the grilled. You can steam all the juice out of a dog on the real slow days. But if you grill, why the girl can just keep her center burner on and still warm those that are already done. This way she's prepared when a guy comes up and says, 'Gimme a black one.' In other words, a well-done one. I personally prefer black ones, cooked clear through and somewhat crusty."

All concession men can tell how the home team is doing just by watching the way the hot dogs move. During a tight game, the fans stay in their seats, even ignore the vendors. If the home team is taking a shellacking, the fans likewise have no appetite. But if the home team has a big inning, the concession people hustle themselves for a rush. Usually, though, things even out: over a season, most parks average one to one and a half hot dogs per person.

As for vendors, the supernalman is dimly viewed by Wrigley Field's Ray Knopf. "The polite, quiet type will sell more than the noisy guys," he says. "People just don't like noise. We had a guy here, a regular Grand Gentle, yapping all the time. Had to ask him to turn in his steam hose."

DIRTY BUSINESS (CONT'D.)

LIKE THE TROOP of an old refrain the mystical name of Frank Carbo was heard again last week at a boxing commission investigation. This time it sounded in a Philadelphia hearing room, where the Pennsylvania commission has been turning over boxing's rotting boards in an effort to find out

who dragged Harold Johnson, ranked No. 1 contender in the light-heavyweight division, just before his fight with unruffled Julio Mederos. Since he had previously beaten Mederos without difficulty, Johnson was a 4-1 favorite. Drugged, he lost in two rounds.

Carbo's name had been heard before in the attempt of the New York boxing commission to discover what had defeated Vinces Martinez, fourth-ranking welterweight, of the boxer's right to fight. (Vince had been ranked third but was dropped to fourth last week only because of his involuntary inactivity.) It will likely be heard again during the California investigation into hoodlum infiltration of West Coast boxing.

The name's effect on witnesses is always the same. Everyone in boxing knows Carbo. No one knows what he does for a living. No one ever discusses boxing with him. They all swear to that.

It was so when Jimmy White, Mederos' manager, was asked in Philadelphia who Carbo was.

"A fellow that's around, that's all," White replied. He was a fellow, White said, he might bump into in New York or Florida.

"What does Carbo do?" Commissioner Alfred M. Klein inquired.

"You are about the 50th person who has asked that question," White answered. "No one knows what he does."

Both the Philadelphia and New York inquiries began the week in review. Chairman Julius Helland of the New York commission left for Paris and a meeting of the World Committee for Professional Boxing. Before leaving he announced that he would try to save boxing from "possible death" by cutting out "cancerous influences" which have moved into the sport.

"Boxing no longer is an isolated sport confined to gyms and arenas," he said. "Television has brought it into the living rooms of the nation. I won't be satisfied until it is cleaned up in our own state and returned to a game having the inherent honesty of baseball."

LOVE AND UMPIRES

Umpires are not often loved except by their wives and mothers. But every now and then something about them stirs a sentimental fan to a display of affection.

A Chicago newspaperman, the late Dempster MacMurphy of the *Daily News*, wanting the world to know his love, once asked his tailor to make him an umpire's suit. The tailor replied that he would rather die.

A. B. Hirschfeld of Denver, who has attended nearly every World Series since 1919, was overtaken by umpire love at one of the Giant-Indian games at the Polo Grounds last fall. "Give a thought to the boys in blue!" he suddenly cried out from his box near the Giant dugout. "Never was a breath of scandal connected with their name!" An usher hurried to the box and asked Mr. Hirschfeld if he felt ill.

Years ago, a St. Louis undertaker named Arthur Donnelly undertook to provide limousine service for umpires, who were suspicious at first but finally accepted the offer after getting an opinion from league headquarters that riding in a mortician's car did not constitute "mingling." Later Donnelly, sick with umpire love, took to having the umps down to the mortuary on the hot nights for beer, rye bread and Schmierkew.

The most recent case of umpire love must be charged to Phil Wrigley of the Chicago Cubs. With Wrigley's consent, if not at his order, a \$50,000 suite has been installed at Wrigley Field for the exclusive use of umpires. In most cities, umps are usually assigned a windowless cubicle equipped with a couple of tin lockers and a pair of kitchen chairs that wobble. In Chicago there is a lounge and a dressing room, air conditioned, with overstuffed furniture, a card table, magazine racks and bookshelves, and a writing desk soon to be supplied with special umpire stationery. There are upholstered benches, a hot bath (for cleaning umpire shoes) and a custom-made chest to hold the special dirt used to rub up baseballs before the game. Umpire Babe Pinelli took one look at the layout and choked

up. He finally blubbered that the place made every other umpire room in the league look like that little house they keep moving around the farm.

But umpire love has a way of backfiring. Maybe umpires aren't meant to be loved. Maybe, lying it on the line, if a man is really lovable he's got no business being an umpire.

And maybe it was an omen, the thing that happened at Wrigley Field the other afternoon. A violent thunderstorm whirled up out of nowhere, blew out the power, flooded the umps' plush new lounge, hot bath and all, under a foot of water.

POSTMAN RINGS TWICE

ONE DAY Antonio Ascari, the Italian racing champion of his time, took his son on his knee and, behind the wheel of an Alfa Romeo, let the 5-year-old take a curve at 7 mph. It was a wide curve and the boy, Alberto, turned it very well. Thereafter the father took Alberto wherever he went to the big track at Monza, outside Milan. During pit runs the boy watched from the pit with the mechanics and afterward his father would take him for a few spins around the track. Alberto saw his father win the Italian Grand Prix in 1924. A year later, leading the field in the French Grand Prix on the Montlhéry speedway near Paris, Antonio Ascari's Alfa somersaulted off the track. Alberto was 7 then.

The widow Ascari did not want her son to race but, this was a boy with a compulsion for it. Though he preferred sports ball sessions to studies, one day, at 11, he said: "I'm tired of talking

Continued on next page



"I told you he couldn't do it!"

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 17

about others. I want others to talk about me." He borrowed a motorcycle and, without ever having ridden one before, raced in the Milan Piazza D'Ami. He played poker to win money for bike rentals and truck fees. He ran away from boarding schools and threatened not to come home if he could not follow in his father's way.

Alberto Ascari became the only auto racer ever to win the world's championship two years in a row. He won on the tracks of Italy, England, Argentina, Brazil and Spain. The only track he would not race on was the Montlhéry speedway, where his father had died, and his only substantial rival was Argentina's Juan Fangio, who won the world's championship in 1954.

For all that he took the most extraordinary chances, Ascari was less the reckless man of speed than the superbly cool technician of calm and plodding temperament, round-faced, and chunky, graceful only at the wheel of a fast car. Inside, though, there was tension. He had ulcers. Sometimes he could not bear to talk to women after a race. "Please let me be," he would plead. At night after a race he tossed for two to three hours before he could get to sleep. He feared blackouts and the number 13.

In actual crisis, he could be bland as his ascetic diet of lean meat, salad, fruit and mineral water. On May 22, racing his Lancia in the European Grand Prix at Monte Carlo, he missed a turn and went into the harbor. He swam where and was lifted into an ambulance protesting: "Non c'è niente [It is nothing]." Five days later he was at Monza, where his father had first put Alberto's boyish hands on the wheel of a racing car. There, standing next to a 3,000 cc sports Ferrari so new its body had not been painted, was Ascari's favorite pupil, Eugenio Castellotti.

"It's a rocket, chief," Castellotti said. "It's a rocket."

"Yes, Screwdriver," Ascari said, using the nickname he had given his pupil. "It's a fine car." Castellotti spun off on a trial run and returned to report: "It's a bullet."

"Let me try your car, Screwdriver," Ascari said, "after my experience as a driver I want to have the feel of a wheel again." It may have been his way of saying that a driver who has had an accident should try again soon in order to reestablish confidence. He waved off suggestions that his back

hurt too much. Castellotti lent him his crash helmet.

After one lap Ascari came past at slow speed, 75 mph, waving at his pupil, then took the second lap a little faster, not more than 100 mph.

It was one o'clock in the afternoon, 13 hours by Italian reckoning. It was May 24 (twice 13 and Ascari hated even multiples of 13), almost 30 years after the July 26 on which his father had died at Montlhéry.

Ascari took the Lemno Bend and came into the straight as his father had done at Montlhéry. Workmen eating their lunches in the midday sun saw the tail of Ascari's car swing left, then right.

"Then her tail went up into the air," a mechanic said, "and she turned over. She ran along the ground with her four wheels in the air, then she lifted up again, with the engine still roaring away. The engine didn't stop until the car had come to a standstill on the grass."

At the moment of death Ascari was not driving fast by racing standards for a Ferrari. The revolution counter stopped at 4,300 revs and the gearshift was engaged in fifth gear, indicating a top speed of 110 mph. Wheelmarks showed his brakes were hard on at the moment of overturning.

There was some wonder that Ascari had not shifted down to third or at least fourth gear. It may have been he was stricken by a sudden illness.

Castellotti said the car had seemed to him to be in perfect working order.

To world racing his death was an irreplaceable loss. The drama of his rivalry with Fangio—Fangio the daredevil, hard driver, Ascari the artist who never strained, judged heads perfectly, sat upright and steered with two fingers—ended at a time when it seemed that the new Lancia might well win him the world championship for the third time.

On Saturday the noisy city of Milan hushed itself as 100,000 silent mourners lined the path of Ascari's funeral procession. He had been dressed in racing overalls but over them, at his wife's insistence, the body was attired in ordinary clothes. Mrs. Ascari wanted her children to last see their father "dressed like any man, not as a racing driver" so that his son would not be attracted to racing and "won't die the same way as his grandfather and father."

And, in fact, Alberto Ascari had done his best to keep his son from an interest in racing. Italian racing enthusiasts looked to Screwdriver Castellotti, raised in Ascari's school, to become his racing heir.

P.S.—THE MISMATCH

THE 18 FILMS with other critiques of the Marciano-Cosbell mismatch after balancing their books, the promoters find they have wound up \$70,000 in the red.

SPECTACLE

WATER BALLET

Synchronized swimming, long considered nothing more than an exhibition, has found new popularity as a full-grown sport

Pretty girls have been making meaningful movements to music in swimming pools for years, but until 1946, when it was given official AAAU status, synchronized swimming had reached the public eye largely through gaudy, aquin-studded aquacade productions which bore little resemblance to sport in any form. There are still those who refuse to admit its validity, but thousands of women (and some men too) have taken up synchronized swimming as a demanding but not exhausting sport which puts a premium on grace and coordination rather than muscle power. This year for the first time synchronized swimming was admitted to the Pan-American Games (where the pictures on the following four pages were taken), and adherents of the sport are looking toward the day when it will be sanctioned for Olympic competition.

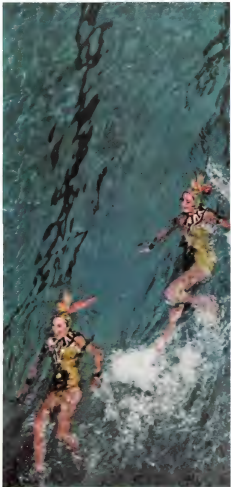
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KATZMAN



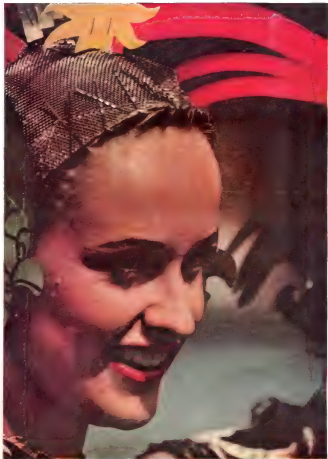
SYNCHRONIZED SWIMMING

continued

Brigantly bedecked, Oakland's Athens Club quintet (including three pretty sisters) thrashes through "Sacrificial Rites of the Aztecs," which won for them the Pan-American Games championship. Clockwise from left are Sally Phillips, Joan Pearson, Lynn Pearson, Lorella Barrios and Mrs. Dawn Pearson Sears. Performing the same act last summer, Athens Club won the National Outdoor AAU title







Dripping wet, Lynn Pearson smiles happily after team's Pan-American victory



SWIMMING PLUS

Easy to learn and easy to look at, synchronized swimming offers an appealing combination of bright costumes, flowing strokes and perfect coordination

by LEE GRIGGS

TAKE ONE TO TWENTY pretty girls, dress them in flashy bejeweled costumes, put them in a swimming pool, mix a musical accompaniment to their movements and you've got synchronized swimming, a colorful new sport born 29 years ago in Chicago, popularized in California's myriad swimming pools and spread by a dedicated few halfway round the world.

There are some 25,000 active synchronized swimmers in the U.S. today. Eighty percent of all AAU districts have formal synchronized swimming programs, and the sport is catching on elsewhere—in Britain, France, Germany, The Netherlands, Mexico, Canada, Argentina and Japan. Part of its appeal lies in the comparative ease with which it can be mastered. Practically anyone can learn. Strength is not important. The essentials are rhythm, knowledge of standard water skills and a sense of creativeness in building a routine. Synchronized swimming can best be compared to dancing in water. Grace and coordination of movement characterize a championship synchronized swimmer.

The official AAU *Synchronized Swimming Handbook* lists 39 basic stunts. Some of them are diagrammed on this page. Many of these have several variations. Each stunt is assigned a degree of difficulty, as in diving. The degree-difficulty scale ranges decimally from 0.1 to 2.0. Appropriately, many of the stunts are named for fish (dolphin, swordfish, porpoise, shark, etc.), even if the resemblance is most cases is more metaphorical than realistic.

Though synchronized swimming for fun is essentially an elemental process, competitive synchronized swimming becomes thoroughly complicated. Championship meets

require the services of a referee (with assistant), timer, five judges (each with an assistant), three scorers, announcer and a "listener," who pops his head below the surface occasionally to make sure that the underwater loudspeakers (for music, tempo, etc.) are operating correctly.

Judging is similar to that in diving events. Using a fractional scale, the five judges grade both for execution of the routine and for style. Then the mathematicians take over, multiplying performance ratings by difficulty ratings.

Synchronized swimming's rise to popularity in the last decade has been largely the work of Norma Bragstad Olsen, petite blonde Californian. Mrs. Olsen discovered synchronized swimming in Chicago in 1945 and immediately became a zealous crusader in its cause. Since then she has crossed the U.S. 41 times and traveled to Hawaii, Mexico, Japan, Korea, the Philippines and China, holding clinics for instructors and judges as well as competitors. Today she is chairman of synchronized swimming for the AAU.

Norma scored a notable triumph for the sport at the Pan-American Games by collarling Kenneth L. (Tug) Wilson, president of the U.S. Olympic Association and badgering him into watching the synchronized swimming competition. Wilson was unexpectedly impressed. "You know," he said, "I've changed my mind. The control, physical conditioning and coordination those girls showed convince me this is as much a sport as speed swimming and diving." Says Norma: "Let's face it, swimming meets of the past didn't draw anyone . . . but with the showmanship and pretty girls in brilliant costumes of synchronized swimming, you've got a talking point." (L.G.G.)

DOLPHIN

BALLET LEIS

SHARK





VICTORY AND DEATH AT 'THE BRICKYARD'

by ALFRED WRIGHT

A home-town boy from Indianapolis—Bob Sweikert driving salmon-pink No. 6—won the 300-mile Memorial Day race, but the victory celebration was muted by the death that earlier overtook 'the 500's' modern champion, Bill Vukovich

FOR A WHILE it looked as if luck were riding at Indianapolis this year. Saturday and Sunday had been wet, miserable days. Around the track and among the garage stalls of Gasoline Alley on Sunday afternoon, the drivers and mechanics and owners and officials glanced anxiously at the angry clouds overhead and crossed their fingers against a postponement of the '500.' Monday morning the turbulent gray skies were still there, and a cold, gusty wind blew down the infield, but there was no rain. As Dinah Shore stepped to the mike and crooned *Just Awaits In Indiana*, the sun smiled weakly on the great crowd and the 33 gaily-colored cars and their gaily-uniformed crews. The race was on; the track and customers were dry, if slightly chilled.

The drivers of reputation wanted no time assuming their proper roles. When they hit the first turn at the south-west corner, Jack McGrath pushed his cream-and-black No. 3 into the front of the growling, crowding pack. This was as it should be. His 142.180 mph qualifying speed was the fastest ever posted at the Indianapolis Speedway, and this combination driver-mechanic (the only one in the race) seems to have the habit of putting the fastest car on the bricks.

Past the starter's flag the first time it was McGrath, then Tony Bettenhausen, Bill Vukovich, Jerry Hoyt (who had won the pole position), Fred Agnew (the wise veteran), Walt Faulkner and Jim Bryan, last year's national champion driver. These, in the main, were the drivers who had monopolized

the pre-race speculation in taxicabs and hotel lobbies and the bids in the Calcutta pools around town through the weekend.

It took only one more lap for McGrath and Vukovich to turn the action into a two-car race, leaving the rest of the field to work out their own destinies. Despite a relatively slow first lap (131.573) they were running at rises to 139 mph. By the 20th lap—Vukovich had taken over the lead but not by much on the 4th lap, lost it on the 16th and then regained it—they had raised the average to 136.158, just a shade under McGrath's record of last year for the same distance.

Somewhere back in the pack Bob Sweikert in No. 6 was arguing with Tony Bettenhausen, Sam Hanks and Jim Bryan for what seemed like the completely unimportant position of third.

And as it continued through the first hundred miles with Vukie's average climbing to 136.854, now less than a mile under McGrath's record for the distance. As the hour mark passed, McGrath unexpectedly took the edge off the race when he pulled into the pits with ignition trouble, never to rejoin the race. The way Vukie was going it would be a miracle if any of the others caught him. This would be

continued on next page



BILL VUKOVICH'S blazing Hopkins Special, in which the 1953-54 Indianapolis champion had set the early pace, lies upside down after crash which trapped him.

INDIANAPOLIS '500 BEGINS WITH PACE STICK. CAR LEAVING THE 33 ENTRANTS IN FAST PROCESSION AROUND GREEN-LANE-CAPITAL TURN

INDIANAPOLIS '500'

continued from page 45

his third consecutive victory at Indianapolis, something never achieved by the great names of the past—Willie Shaw, Mauri Rose, Lou Meyer and the rest.

Then the ominous yellow flag. When it goes up, and the cars slow down, you can only start imagining unless you have seen the trouble. First you look for signs of confusion, but they are hard to find in that vast infield with perhaps 60,000 or 70,000 people milling in happy anarchy. Then you start looking for the missing cars as the field looms around the track. You look first for the big names, the ones you have already begun to follow with some care. And then someone says: "I haven't seen Vukich go by."

Smoke begins to rise from beyond the trees and the crowd on the back stretch nearly a mile away from the main stands. Pretty soon the announcer's voice tells you: "It is a five-car accident of a very serious nature." The rest of the cars restlessly hold their positions or duck into the pits for a quick servicing—taking advantage of the delay so as not to lose too much ground. It is 37 minutes before the track is again clear, the yellow caution lights go off and the high speed resumes.

But something more than Vukich's car has gone out of the afternoon. We are told by that soothing voice on the loudspeaker, as if not to hurt our feelings: "Bill Vukovich has been fatally injured."

It is a new race now with Jim Bryan, the hardy young 214-pounder from Phoenix, holding the lead against the pressure of Bob Sweikert. The race is still in the hands of a big name, a driv-

ing celebrity, but the hometown boy who lives but a spit and a jump from the Speedway itself is giving him trouble. His lead won't stretch. In fact, on the 60th lap it dissolves as Bryan obviously has trouble. On the 61st lap Bryan retires for the day with a faulty fuel pump.

There are still 260 miles to go, and now Sweikert leads, followed by Art Cross and Johnny Parsons (a familiar name at last!—the 1946 winner) and Don Freeland and Cal Niday and Pat O'Connor. The crowd has to reorient itself to a whole new set of names, build up a new excitement over these little-known figures who only a few minutes ago appeared to be just stage dressing for the principals. Cross's blue car, Freeland's yellow one, O'Connor's yellow one and Niday's dazzling orange all have to be remembered and tucked into the mind. These are the gladiators who sat in the back-ground and raised their cars on the chance that the flashy front runners with the speed might collapse, as indeed they did.

Sweikert made his second and last stop for fuel and new tires at the 133rd lap, leaving Art Cross, a midwest-car graduate, to assume command. He was in the pits for only a brief 44 seconds, but by that time he was trailing both Cross and Freeland. By the 160th lap they too had to make refueling stops and Sweikert regained the lead.

From then on only Sweikert's pit crew dictated the outcome. The other 140,000 or so people—adjusted now to the new stars of the show—watched the salmon-pink roadster, a brand-new car with no previous racing experience, eat up the remaining 160 miles with no serious opposition. The wonder seemed to be that he insisted on clocking laps at 135 mph or more when the



RED SWIKERT, DON FREELAND AND CAL NIDAY.

outcome seemed so safe. Yet the pit crew worried, knowing his fuel might run short, that he could lose a precious lap or so to pick up a new lead.

As Sweikert flashed past the pits with only 24-odd miles left, his salmon-shirted crew held up a sign: "REST!" They wanted to know if he had switched to those last precious ten gallons in his reserve tank. None was more nervous than John Zink, the furnace and air conditioning manufacturer from Tulsa, whose \$25,000 or so was invested in the car. They had tuned his car to this point of perfection; they had handled his two pitstops perfectly. Would it all go down the drain while he ran out of fuel? Sweikert's inconstant, almost gay signals in reply to the blackboard questions left his friends in the pit chewing their nails until he took the checkered flag.

Perhaps it was not a "500" for the

THE FINISHERS AT INDIANAPOLIS

DRIVER	CAR	AVERAGE
BOB SWIKERT	John Zink Special	128.039
DONY BOTTENHAUSSEN	Chapman Special	127.876
JIMMY DAVIES	Stanford Special	126.259
JOHNNY THOMSON	Schmidt Special	125.844
WALT FAULKNER	Moss Engineering Special	125.790
ANDY LINDEN	Mazda Special	125.607
AL HIGMAN	Martin Race Special	125.794
PAT O'CONNOR	Armed Rotary Special	124.634
JIMMY DAYHART	Garner Special	124.461



CRASH INTO THE PIT AFTER TAKING CHICKENHILL LAG AND PREPARED FOR VICTORY WITH FRESH GUNN (HORN). HE LED THE RACE FOR LAST 40 LAPS.

history books except for its tragedy. Not since 1961 had there been such a slow race, but nearly half an hour of it was run under a yellow flag. Yet drivers will remember it as one of the most treacherous, with the gusty winds flailing the race down the straightaway and roughhousing them in the turns. Lark, which had seemed so beneficent at the start, had changed her mind and splattered the track with more oil than most veterans could remember. It was a slippery, difficult ride for the only nine drivers who completed the 200 laps.

Twenty-nine-year-old Bob Swickert, finishing his first "500" in four attempts, accepted his triumph modestly. Afterwards he said: "We just figured we'd go out there as fast as we could as long as we could. It was a nice cool day, and the car stayed in good shape." (KRM)

'TAKE THE LEAD AND STAY THERE'



BILL VUKOVICH

Bill Vukovich, also known as Wild Bill and Vukie, was a foot-grinding daredevil who considered the Indianapolis "500" his own special race. While other drivers scouted lesser tracks on the racing circuit from Langhorne to Sacramento, Bill Vukovich managed a filling station in Fresno, Calif., waiting, planning and training like a boxer for the main go on Memorial Day.

Vukie used any strategy to conquer the peevish Speedway. In 1963, just a year after he had been stricken from victory by a disabled steering gear, he announced "I'll take the lead and stay there"—and he went on to win \$89,000 in prize and lap money. Last year, with a poorer starting position, he hung off the pace and then, when his rivals had all but counted him out, roared up to win again in the record speed of 130.84 mph. Born 36 years ago in Alameda, Calif., Bill Vukovich did his first driving in a pony car but was racing cars on dirt tracks by the time he was 14. Another victory this week would have given him an unprecedented three in a row. He had held most of the early lead when the crash came.

TRIPLE MIRACLE . . . TRIPLE PLAY



HUNGARIAN-BOLESLAW TABORI WINS HISTORIC MILE AT LONDON, BEATING CHRIS CHATAWAY (LEFT) AND BRIAN HEWSON. ALL BROKE FOUR MINUTES



HEAVING EASILY, ARNIE SEWELL WHIPS TOM GIBBERTIN IN MILE RACE AT NEW YORK

TRACK MASTERWORKS

It seemed so unbelievable, that race in London's White City Stadium. For the first time three men ran the same mile race in under four minutes: Laszlo Tabori (3:59), an airick Hungarian; Chris Chataway (3:58.8), jovial British brewery salesman who feared he was not in shape, and Brian Hewson (3:59.8), RAF bombardier who had run the mile before only in club races. Hewson took the lead from Pacesetter Alan Gordon in the third lap, but Tabori took both him and Chataway on the final turn, won by seven feet. Chataway edged Hewson for second.

The doings in London took headlines away from Pitt's easy-riding Arnie Sewell who, for the third time outdoors (left), outman Fordham's Tom Courtney at IC4A meet in New York City.

... AND THREE FOR ARNIE SOWELL



ROBINSON PITCHES BALL TO RIGHT FIELDER ARNIE SOWELL (EXTREME LEFT); JACK CLEGG BACK HAS RUNNERS BREAK FROM FIRST AND SECOND

A BONUS FOR TV'S MILLIONS

Last Saturday's game between the Brooklyn Dodgers and New York Giants was televised nationally. It was a fortunate choice, letting millions of viewers in on one of baseball's rarities—a triple play. The play developed in the fourth inning when the Dodgers' Jackie Robinson (above) hit a pop fly (above) to short right field that looked like a sure hit. Giant Second Baseman Dorey Williams raced back, got his glove on the ball (right), juggled and then held it. Dodger runners Gil Hodges at second and Carl Furillo at first were well on their way. Williams threw to Shortstop Al Dark to double Hodges off second. Dark's relay to first (below) caught a dabbledragged Furillo fully 10 feet off the bag. But for all their historicness, the Giants lost the game 5-3, dropped the series, five games to one, and fell even farther (nine full games) behind the league-leading Dodgers.



DOREY WILLIAMS OVERSOWELL... JUGGLING... CARL FURILLO THROWN



... AND TOMBS TO DARK (AT SECOND) TO DOUBLE UP HODGES. DARK RELAYS TO FIRST IN TIME TO COMPLETE TRIPLE PLAY ON FURILLO (AT

ORDEALS OF WINNERS

UNWRITTEN BUT BINDING as any rule of sport is the winner's obligation to the crowd—his role, under camera fire, in the victory-circle tableaux. Last week the ritual was performed in contrastingly separate fashions in Britain and the U.S. In the pearl-gray-topper world of Epsom Downs, a 3-year-old colt named Phil Drake won the 176th running of the famed Epsom Derby—great granddaddy of all derbies—and this brought to the winner's circle not only Phil Drake but his chic French owner, Mrs. Suzy Vetterra, widow of the late owner of the Polka Bangers. Mrs. Vetterra held Phil Drake's rein, posed for pictures, received a gold cup from Queen Elizabeth. In happy impromptu, the band struck up *If You Knew Suzie*. Meanwhile, in the sport-shirt world of Catalina, Motorcyclist John McLaughlin won one of the races, found himself in the winner's circle with photographers, an adoring crowd and a pretty blonde in a bathing suit.



ON CATALINA ISLAND off California, wind-risen and rhododendron-exhausted fumes, motorcyclists get away at start of 60-mile race that precedes 100-mile Catalina Grand Prix.



BEARING WINNER, John McLaughlin of Duarte, Calif., poses with Marge Tenney, representing motorcycle manufacturers.



SAYING POLITELY, McLaughlin turns the left cheek as Marge moves in at photographers' request for more intimate pose.



AT EPSOM DOWNS. Owner Miss Sany Yohanna craves ask Phil Drake to pose for victory picture. Triumph was poignant

one for Sany, who led to dying husband in 1918, told him his horse had won Derby. Actually it had lost in a photo finish.



BEFORE VICTORY Sany, owner, smiling, holding prize, gold glasses. Her horse, at 100-8, won with spurt in last 50 yards.



AFTER VICTORY Sany, owner, gold glasses, which were presented to her by Queen Elizabeth, for a sip of champagne.

TRAPSHOOTING—DOWN WITH CLAY BIRDS

TRAPSHOOTING, or the art of taking pot shots at whizzing clay targets, comes on the costly side. Guns, ammunition, targets and club membership fees (there are few public trapshooting ranges in the U.S.) run to hundreds of dollars. Nonetheless, it is not



NEW MODEL CHAMPION, GENEVIEVE CANFIELD, TAKES A PERFECT SHOT AFTER 10 YEARS OF COMING FROM BEHIND AND WINNING FIRST MAJOR CHAMPIONSHIP



PHIL LOMBARDI ADJUSTS GOOD LUCK TAP BEFORE FIRING RANGE



STANLEY GREEN AND RALPH DAVIS WAIT THEIR TURN AT THE TRAP

only good out-of-season practice for duck shooting but a fine skill in itself, and there are more than 100,000 men and women in the U.S. who enjoy it. On New York's Travers Island recently, 143 of them fired freely at the National Clay Target Championships for

Amateurs. Their ages ranged from early teens to late 70s, their costumes from informal cardigans to elaborately feathered shooting jackets. There was even one competitor with the improbable name of Fearley Gates (Fearley had an off day, was not in ultimate

contention). For three days the shooters blasted away, sending up an almost constant barrage of shotgun fire. The new champions: Mrs. Bonnie Jones, 32-year-old mother of four from Philadelphia, and George Van Wyck, 60-year-old Nyack, N.Y. contractor.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILBERT B. BLANCHET



VETERAN TRAPSHOOTER K. K. Gardner, 76, shot 69 out of 104, but lost the senior championship to 71-year-old J. J. McBride Sr., who scored a remarkable 94. Gardner was a 16-time title



SMILE OF VICTORY as champion Mrs. Bonniel Jones, wife of a Philadelphia surgeon, evened after she won the women's title. This was her first major competition in 24 years of trapshooting.

The Nine Lives of Leo Durocher

by ROBERT SHAPLEN

PART III: THE BUTTONED LIP

The full story of Leo's one-year suspension, told here for the first time, helps to explain his seeming change in character and his belated rise to greatness

A fair assessment of Leo Ernest Durocher since his name first appeared in a major league box score exactly three decades ago perforce shows that his trials and tribulations have bothered and bewildered the baseball world at least as much as his dynamic successes have bewitched it. Certainly no man in the game has inspired as much controversy and debate; no one has been more admired and feared and hated, often simultaneously. His story in many respects is typically American, to be told in predominant blacks and whites. The only gray in Durocher is the beginning gray of his thinning hair.

When he was suspended for the whole year of 1947, a year that the Dodgers won the National League pennant under his substitute, Burt Shotton, there were many who thought it marked the end rather than an interruption of Durocher's turbulent career. Today, as the confident leader of the World's Champion New York Giants, a tempered but still tempestuous figure, the consensus, both of his friends and of his remaining enemies, is that the suspension was the best thing that ever happened to him. His supporters say it gave him pause, taught him humility and made him a wiser and more worldly man as well as manager. His detractors say it at least took him down several pegs and made it possible to tolerate him.

To the degree that he was ready for some recompense, either argument is sound. But that he was subjected to an exceedingly harsh punishment for the

wrong substantive reasons was also the case. The story of the suspension and its aftermath has been told repeatedly, but the one point on which all parties concerned agree is that "the true story" has not yet been told. Since by "the true story" each man means his own, the chances are that no complete, unprejudiced account will ever come out. None separately, and not all the versions together, are pleasant.

THE BASIC FACTS

Certain facts and conclusions, however, stand out more clearly now than they did eight years ago. They may be summarized as follows:

1) Durocher was banned mainly because his personal life, which had increasingly become public property, aroused the distaste and then the active opposition of the church hierarchy which he was born; eventually both official and unofficial pressure were successfully brought to bear against him.

2) On the basis of the specific charges, Commissioner Albert (Happy) Chandler ordered the suspension hastily and, it's generally felt, unfairly. The suspension has grown that he acted, in part at least, because the pressure happened to coincide with his own desire, led by some advisors, to prove himself the strong equal to commissioner of his predecessor, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis. This is something Chandler never came close to proving.

3) In the rather tragic comedy of errors that precipitated the case, the overzealous villain of the piece was

Larry MacPhail, Durocher's former boss at Brooklyn, who had by then returned from the wars and had obtained a one-third interest in the New York Yankees. MacPhail later regretted some of his blundering actions, but the damage was then done.

4) While the suspension of Durocher personally shocked and hurt Branch Rickey, since it was a slap at him too, it took him off a dangerous spot in Brooklyn at a ticklish time. It also created a bitter enmity between himself and MacPhail, which has not and won't be healed, and strained the rather odd father-son relationship between Rickey and Durocher.

The drama began with the sudden shift, soon after the end of the 1944 season, of Charley Dressen, the Brooklyn coach, to the Yankees. Whether or not, under baseball law, MacPhail actually "tampered" with Dressen, is still debatable; but rumors immediately began to fly that Dressen, hired in a similar job in New York, was an advance guard and that Durocher would also move to the Yanks, as manager. MacPhail now says he "would have liked to have Leo" but that he did nothing about it because of his own "past connections with Brooklyn and with Rickey," who had been chiefly responsible for MacPhail's success in baseball. Durocher is on record as stating that MacPhail made him a firm offer and telephoned him three times at George Hall's house in California, where he used to live in the off-season, to pursue it, but that he refused to consider it because of loyalty to



TRIPLE-SHUFFLE TRIO were in action together at 1949 outing. Branch Rickey had fast-talked Durocher (sneaking) to Giants and replaced him with Ben Shotton (crouching).

Rickey. There was also a story that Dan Topping, co-owner of the Yanks, made a pitch at Durocher at a luncheon meeting at the New York Athletic Club, and that two of Rickey's co-owners in Brooklyn were not at all averse to having Leo go.

At any rate, in November 1946 Durocher signed a new contract to manage Brooklyn and then settled down to a winter of fun and games as Raf's house guest in California. Some three-and-a-half months later, Westbrook Pegler came out with a series of articles profoundly aimed at cleaning up sports; Durocher figured prominently in them, not only as a result of his association with Raf but also in connection with a nationwide check-cashing swindle, in which, as it turned out, Leo had done absolutely nothing except unwittingly counter-sign some of the checks that popped up in the case. Pegler, however, upset Rickey sufficiently so that Arthur Murra, executive assistant to the Dodger boss, was sent to see Commissioner Chandler on a secret mission. As things turned out, this was a mistake, for it put a bee in Chandler's bonnet.

What Rickey did was solicit Chandler's help in warning Durocher to break with his old friends and ways once and for all. Chandler and Leo met one morning on the Claremont Golf Course in Oakland, Calif., and the commissioner read out a list of names of persons Durocher was not to see thereafter; the list included Raf and some well-known gamblers, among them Memphis Engelberg, as well as several other disreputable figures. Durocher nodded his assent, and then threw Chandler his own bombshell. He said he was in love with screen actress Laraine Day and intended to marry her as soon as she won a divorce from Ray Hendricks, an airport manager. Leo had himself been married twice before, and Chandler didn't think the forthcoming notoriety of another marriage to a glamorous girl 15 years his junior would help matters; but he gave Leo his blessing and expressed the hope that there would be a minimum of "fuss."

The Dodgers were training in Havana that year. When Durocher got there, he was on his best behavior,

obeying the Chandler edict. He had another special problem to face, beyond the problem of himself: there was considerable discussion on the team over the initial appearance of Jackie Robinson, first Negro ever to play in the major leagues. Leo had long private talks with the players who were most opposed to Robinson's presence, and he was almost as instrumental as Rickey himself in smoothing the way for Jackie.

As usual that spring, the Dodgers were playing the Yankees in a series of exhibition games. In a column under his name that was being ghosted for him by Harold Parrott, Durocher issued "a declaration of war" against the Yankees. He charged that MacPhail, even though knowing "I love Brooklyn and regard Branch Rickey as my father," had tried to swan him away and, after his refusal to leave, "had resolved to knock me and make life as hard as possible for me."

TWO SETS OF RULES

On March 3, at a game in Havana, the feeling between Durocher and Rickey on the one hand and MacPhail on the other came to a head over the presence of a pair of gamblers, one of them Memphis Engelberg, in or adjacent to MacPhail's box. Both Durocher and Rickey publicly commented that there apparently was one set of rules for Leo and another for MacPhail and the rest of baseball. MacPhail angrily denied that he was in any way responsible for the presence of the two gamblers—but whether or not MacPhail knew how they got there, he must have recognized them and realized their proximity was bound to cause comment.

Aroused by the remarks of Rickey and Durocher, MacPhail brought countercharges against both of them, but especially against Durocher, accusing them of "conduct detrimental to baseball." Chandler called a hearing. By this time, unfortunately, there were other factors at work. Back in Brooklyn, disturbed over Durocher's role in Laraine Day's divorce action, and upset over Leo's earlier associations off the field, the Catholic Youth Organization withdrew from the Dodger Knuthole Club, claiming that Durocher was "undermining the moral training of Brooklyn's Roman Catholic youth." Rickey did his best to smooth things out, but he ran into the stubborn objections of higher-ups in the Catholic clergy. Privately, the late Frank Murphy, Justice of the United States Supreme Court and an influential

continued on page 72

FUN IN EUROPE

A few offbeat—and onbeat—tips for overseas vacationers

In view of the estimated migration to Europe, I'm not at all sure there will be room over there to swing a cricket bat without cricking lost overseas visitors in the occipital bone. On the outside chance that the tracks and fields will be cleared of tents pitched by a Happy Holiday Tour that somehow got its reservations fouled, my specializing cohorts and I have sewn together a small compendium of a few sports events worth seeing. Also a few things to remember.

For instance: A letter from your golf club back home may give you the privilege of playing the Old Course of St. Andrew's Royal and Ancient Golf Club. However, those who fail to follow the suggestions of its royal and ancient caddies have occasioned a bag-toter to drop clubs in mid-fairway and stalk off the links.

At the race track both England and Ireland make use

of the tic-tac man, a white-gloved ravedropper who wanders among the crowd sampling the odds, then passing the signal back to the bookie by attaching an ear or stroking his nose. It is public sport to "mark" the odds, that is to place a bet with a bookie before he has caught the tic-tac's signal and dropped the odds. Kire's Galway Races are normally a two-day meeting, but tinkers and gypsy caravans roll in for 50 miles around and the sideshows and carnivals throw the county into a week-long holiday spin. The Royal Ascot in England, on the other hand, is elegant and social.

The big bullfight season will be on in Spain (reversing the Mexican season), and you can buy tickets through the hotel concierge or at travel agencies at only a slight advance. Spectily *viewer* in preference to *sol* unless you want to sit with the sun in your eyes all afternoon.

—HORACE BUTTON



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

JUNE

GREAT BRITAIN

Royal Tournament, London, 5-13; Ascot Gold Cup, 16; Lawn Tennis Championships, Wimbledon, 20-July 2; Henley Royal Regatta, 29-July 2.

Armed services in colorful competition; elegance and rural horses (living your topper); for tennis lovers, Wimbledon needs no explanation; its rowing clubs, Henley is considered the aristocrat of all races.

GERMANY

Kiel Week, 19-26; Defta Week, Hamburg, 26-July 3.

A week of sailing races at famous former naval base; a week of horse races at West Germany's glittering party.

SWITZERLAND

International Cribbage Contest, Gams, 10-12.

Wilhelm Tell stuff, old and newstyle, in an old-style Swiss setting.

SPAIN

Fest of Corpus Christi, 9: St. John's Bonfires, Alicante, 22-25; Cattle Fair, Barro, 24.

Celebrations of great splendor all over the country; fiery festivities, fairs and bullfights; Basque pelota matches; regional dances and general fun in the Basque manner.

ITALY

Fest of the Barocco, Arezzo, 1.

Medieval games in costume, with armored knights on horseback charging targets and engaging in some of the rough-and-tumble sports of those vigorous times.

ELSEWHERE

Royal Swedish Yacht Club Week, Stockholm, 12-24; Grand Prix of Belgium Auto Race, Spa, 6.

The 125th anniversary of one of the world's great regattas; and for the car lover, a spectacular race in a beautiful water-terrace area.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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3	4	5	6	7	8	9
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17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

GREAT BRITAIN

British Open, St. Andrews, 4-8; British Grand Prix Auto Race, Silverstone, 16; Goodwood Plant Race Meeting, St. 29.

FRANCE

International Grand Prix Auto Race, Rheims, 3; Tour de France Bicycle Race, Le Havre-Paris, 1-31; Bastille Day, 14.

ITALY

Falla Horse Race and Flag Tossing, Siena, 2; Open Air Opera and Drama Festival, Verona, mid-July.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

GREAT BRITAIN

Cowes Yachting Week, Isle of Wight; English National Sheep Dog Trials; Cricket Test Match, England vs. South Africa, London, 11, 12-13.

FRANCE

Fallot, France vs. Spain, Arrarhen, 15; World Polo Championship, Deauville; Grand Prix Horse Race, Deauville, 24.

The best of golf at the world's most famous courses; the best of racing drivers in another auto classic; horses and a chance to beat the white-glided tic-tac man.

More race cars on one of Europe's fastest road courses; bicycles are slower but the whole country turns out for this classic grind; as for Bastille Day, this is a festival you'll never forget.

More medieval sport in an unparalleled setting; and in a setting even more ancient, the Roman Arena, something for the owl.

Sailing in style in famous waters, with races of every description and two Six-Meter highlights: the British-American Cup, and the New World vs. Old World Series; something for dog fanciers; and cricket that has all England on its ear, if you're lucky enough to get a ticket.

There's more to this than just a game, since this mingling of France and Spain provides lots of local color, too; and in the elegance of a foremost French seaside resort, the thrills, spills and skills of one of the world's most exciting contests as well as Europe's top horse-racing contenders.

JULY

GERMANY

World Jumping Championship, Aachen, 1-10; Nuremberg Grand Prix, 11.

SWITZERLAND

Yodling Festival, Fribourg, 2-3; International Fencing Tournament, Grenchen, 9-10; Summer Skiing, Jungfrau, mid-July.

SPAIN

Running of the bulls, Pamplona, 4-20; St. James's Fair, Valencia, 20-31.

ELSEWHERE

Salzburg Festival, Aug. 24-Aug. 30.

A horseman's classic with classic contenders; and the same goes for the fabulous auto race on Mercedes' home grounds.

Maybe it isn't sport, but it's fun and very Swiss; swordsmanship at its best; and if you want to cool off afterward, this type of skiing is hard to beat at any time.

Young bulls, young men, mixing it up in the streets; horse bulls, riders, battles of flowers and all manner of gaiety in a famed city.

In Mozart's birthplace, music you shouldn't miss.

AUGUST

GERMANY

German Truck Championships, Frankfurt, 4-7; German Canoe Championships, Hanover, 1-7.

SWITZERLAND

Grand Prix of Switzerland for Automobiles and Motorcycles, Bern, 20-21.

SPAIN

World Snake Championship, Barcelona.

ELSEWHERE

Dublin Horse Show, 3-6; Rally Viking, Norway.

A swarthy city offers a glimpse of some swarthy truck and bidders who might make history next year at Melbourne; and, for the wilderness fans, a look at canoeing in the European (and not American) manner.

Two-wheelers as well as four-wheelers spinning up and down the hillides surrounding Switzerland's quaint and lovely capital.

The world's largest sailboat class fights it out.

One of the world's major equestrian events; and a 1,000 mile auto race all through Norway from the North Sea to the Arctic Circle.

Mr. Rowing

Navy's Rusty Callow doesn't regret the million he might have made in the logging business and doesn't even mind ending the longest winning streak in crew history — if he can get another started

by PAUL O'NEIL

COLUMBIAN street has produced no more familiar sight than the man and the costume depicted on the opposite page—Navy's canny old Rowing Coach Russell S. (Rusty) Callow and his famous floppy hat, shapelon jacket and electric megaphone. But his street clothes—blue-serge suit, white shirt slightly too large at the collar, bright tie and tan slacks with a shoe-store glare—are more revealing. When encoined in them he looks just like an old-time logging boss from Washington State's Douglas fir country dressed up for a trip to town. He is. At 64 he could accurately be described as Mr. Rowing of the U.S., but he has felt no need to change his attitude toward clothes or toward sport in the 44 years since he set out to teach strong young men the art of propelling a cedar shell through the water.

His stature as a coach can be measured by the fact that the biggest rowing news of 1953 concerned a defeat rather than a victory—Navy's loss to Penn in the Adams Cup regatta last month after winning 31 straight races including the finals of the 1952 Olympic Games. His stature as a sportsman can be measured by his reaction: he was displeased and beligerently triumphant all at once. "I'm glad we can still lose in rowing," he said. "Nobody thinks of the game anymore, just win, win, win. Look at football. Well, we're still amateurs, maybe the last of them. Why shouldn't we lose? There's never been a time in 30 years that I've had to be afraid of losing.

"Of course," he added with a glittering eye. "I like to win like anyone else."

Callow is a man who believes in the efficacy of old-fashioned long underwear. On most afternoons he is apt to spend an hour in that basic stage of costume, smoking cigarettes, thinking aloud and gazing out the window of his little office in the Academy's Hubbard Boat House. Thus arrayed after Navy lost a second time in the Eastern Sprint Championships, he decided to junk a basic maxim of rowing in an effort to produce a better boat from his graduation-chinned cadre of oarsmen.

"A heavy man is supposed to be in the middle of the boat," he said. "And a man who weighs over 200 pounds isn't supposed to be able to pull his own weight. Well, we've got a No. 4 man named Leonard Anton—he's a coal miner's son from Pennsylvania—who weighs 210 and he pulls his weight. You can tell about an oarsman's courage by watching the water back of his ear when he's tired. This fella's got a heart like a lion. I'm going to try him at stroke." Last week, with Anton at stroke and former Stroke Masey Browne in Anton's old seat, Navy won the Western

Sprint Championships (with Stanford a surprising second and Washington third) at Newport Beach, Calif.

It seemed only fitting that Navy's old-man-of-the-river—who will probably retire at the end of this year—should go on tasting victory. His career began with it. Callow worked his way through the University of Washington as a summertime logger—and by teaming up with another college woodman to win Fourth of July timber-felling contests. He rowed under the legendary Hiram Conliker in 1913, 1914 and 1915, but after graduation he went back to the woods as a logger operator in partnership with a brother and did not dream of any other life. When Washington asked him to coach its crew in 1923 (after Coach Ed Louder departed for Yale) he agreed mostly from a sense of duty. But his career won the Pugethkeepsie Regatta in his first year and again in 1924 and 1925.

As the nation's leading coach, Callow was hired by Pennsylvania—and spent 21 long years without winning at Pugethkeepsie. "We didn't have the water," he grumbled. "The Schuylkill River allied up something awful—it was too thick to drink and too thin to plow and sometimes we only had two feet of it to row in. Of course they dredged it once I left. A fella once asked me why I didn't stay at Washington and be the Kluge Rocker of rowing. I often asked myself the same thing." He grinned. "The answer was always the same—the difference between \$1,000 and \$10,000 a year."

He became a sort of Rocker of rowing nevertheless. After his blazing success at Washington the school became the primary source of U.S. rowing coaches—today virtually all the best-known of them are men who rowed for him or for his successor (and one-time stroke) Al Ulbrickson. And at Navy he put together the longest string of victories in history.

Would he do it all over again? "Yes, sir," he says. "Yes, sir. You know, one of my brothers made a million dollars logging. But rowing—it's more than just pulling an oar. It is like golf too—the backswing, the application of power at the right split second. But in rowing, eight men have to do it together when they're tired. When you have a crew like our Olympic crew—or a crew that tries like our crew this year—it's a great thing."

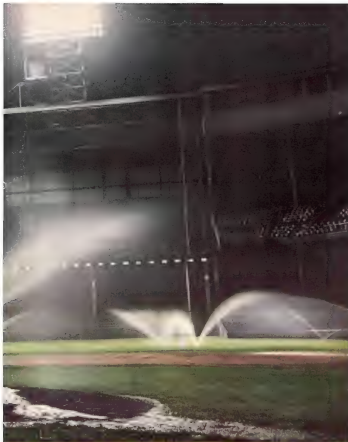
ELECTRIC MEGAPHONE. A barely plausible Navy megaphone equipment, sends Coach Callow's baritone instructions booming up and down the Stevens River; he seldom utters one in his lair.





A NIGHTLY DRINK FOR BRIGGS STADIUM

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK KATZMAN



On the ground for the Detroit Tigers—but only after hours—stands a highly effective performer: an untiring rotary

spray which does its best to keep the playing field lush and green. The mechanical moundman gets plenty of

nighttime support from the stadium's underground sprinklers. Aerial problem is regrowing turf after football.



Journal of Management Inquiry 18(1)



1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 2000; 283: 2689-2696.



Age Group	Percentage (%)
18-24	15
25-34	25
35-44	35
45-54	55
55-64	75
65-74	85
75+	90

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BASEBALL

by ROBERT CREAMER

AN ANGEL OF DARKNESS NAMED SAL THE BARBER, WHO BEAT THE DODGERS AS USUAL, TURNED OUT TO BE THE ONLY BRIGHT SPOT IN A BLACK WEEK FOR THE GIANTS



ILLUSTRATION BY BARRETT FOREN

HULKING, HARD-FACED MAGLIE CARRIES HIS GLOVE LIKE A GUN

THE MENACING spectre portrayed so vividly above by Artist Robert Riger hovers over the Borough of Brooklyn like the angel of darkness. Small children are cowed into obedience by the mention of its name, strong men pale and women weep.

"The Barber?" the Brooklyn Dodger fan asks fearfully, looking over his shoulder. "Is he pitching tonight? We never beat him. Never."

This is legend, of course. Salvatore Anthony Maglie of the New York Giants (for indeed it is he) never scared a child to sleep, never made a woman weep and never beat the Dodgers every time he faced them, although his margin of superiority—22 victories over Brooklyn to only 10 defeats—is remarkable. But his undeniable effectiveness, his grim shadowy appearance, his

obvious relish of the challenging job facing him each time he pitches against Brooklyn, have given him an aura of invincibility and made him a major character—hero and villain both—in the tremendously dramatic pageant of Dodger-Giant baseball.

The quality of civil war inherent in any Dodger-Giant game (Artist Riger, for instance, is a Giant fan who lives in Brooklyn, a not uncommon phenomenon) generates in the huge crowds an intense, personal interest unlike that found in any other major league ball park. Here it is not home town against visitor but neighbor against neighbor. A strikeout is more than just fine pitching; it is a chance to deminish a rival fan. An error is a chance for him to ruin his tormentor in turn.

In a Dodger-Giant game, therefore,

the general reaction to a player's individual effort is veracious, emphatic and immediate, although the spectators probably do more hooting and howling at each other than they do at the ballplayers. The result is constant noise, a bubbling of sound, a tingle of excitement flowing from the stands onto the field. The ballplayers feel it. They can't help it. Perhaps it is simply a chemical reaction to noise. Whatever it is, the players seem to play harder, do more than they ordinarily would, make greater fielding plays, or (in their anxiety) more flagrant errors. Every pitch takes on a deeper meaning.

When Sal Maglie pitches, as he did last Friday night in the first of a three-game series between the Dodgers and the Giants in the Polo Grounds (the

continued on next page

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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1039-1043.

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GOCH! what a post!

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**SWEETEST
BOAT AFOAT**

Journal of Management Education 35(1)

Dodgers took two of the three and a commanding nine-game lead over the Giants in the rapidly maturing pennant race, the drama is heightened. Maglie, as a pitcher, is easy to hate, if you are a Dodger fan. He is called the Barber because of a proclivity he has for throwing baseballs high and tight and quite close to the shins of opposition batters. It is an effective device: a batter slapped by a close fast ball tends to lean back just a little bit from the next pitch—which is usually on the far side of the plate—and an off-balance, teetering-on-the-heels position is not recommended for power hitters.

Nor are Maglie's methods recommended for making friends. At times he has aroused considerable animosity among Brooklyn players, most notably Carl Furline and Jackie Robinson. They have sometimes retaliated with the time-honored custom of hunting along the first-base line, a maneuver that invites the pitcher to field the slowly rolling ball at a point where the batter, running full tilt, can bowl him over and perhaps persuade him to refrain from throwing fast balls at the batter's head. These little refinements and nuances add an aspring to games that the Barber pitches.

But despite the discouragement of the bunts, Maglie appears to smear at Dodger hitters. He peels at them from under his peaked cap, a smother smile on his face. When things work right and he catches a good hitter reeling back on his heels and swinging ineffectively, the Maglie mouth splits into the Maglie grin, which to Dodger fans looks like an open sewer.

When he is tight, Maglie seems to toy with the hitters. For instance, last Friday night the first three Dodger batters in the first inning combined a walk, a base hit and a fly ball to produce a quick run. But thereafter, though 33 men came to bat and nine reached first base, only two got as far as second. Maglie, trailing 1-0, held the Dodgers at bay and in the seventh inning, almost inevitably, Bobby Hofman's pinch home run tied the score. In the eighth, Willie May's two-run homer won the game. Maglie had won again.

Afterwards, in the Dodge clubhouse, the players sat for several minutes in perfect silence. They sat unmoving, not gloomily but almost reflectively, as if wondering, "How do you beat that one?" (C) (C)

INSIDE BASEBALL

by PAUL RICHARDS

ON THE USE OF PINCH HITTERS;
TYPE THEM ACCORDING TO THEIR
HITTING CHARACTERISTICS; USE
THEM WISELY TO DO MOST GOOD

PINCH HITTING becomes a relatively simple matter for a manager if he has a Johnny Mize or James (Dusty) Rhodes sitting down the bench from him. Unfortunately, this kind of pinch hitter—fully capable of pinch hitting any time against anyone—seldom comes along, and the problem of which man to choose from your bench for a critical substitution becomes a pretty serious one.

Most managers try to type the available pinch hitters on their clubs. For example, one fellow may be better leading off, while another may be better equipped to hit a fly ball with a runner on third and less than two out. Still another available player might be more desirable in moving a runner from second to third with no outs.

Most important, the manager should know his best hitter and have him ready for emergencies. That hitter should be a fellow who can be counted upon to deliver a game-winning hit. Of

course he should not be used too early in the game, or even, say, as a lead-off man in the eighth inning when the club is three runs behind. A base hit could be wasted that might possibly still win the game in the ninth inning. A good hitter who may be used late in the game to pinch hit should never be used as a pinch runner.

Except in those rare cases when you have the really good hitter to whom it makes no difference if the pitcher is right- or left-handed, slow ball, fast ball, high- or low-ball pitcher, the manager must also consider the type of batter he has available to pinch hit against a certain type of pitching. It would not be good policy, for instance, to send a fast-ball hitter to hit against a change-of-pace pitcher.

On the Chicago White Sox for several years, Outfielder Eddie Stewart became the hitter we picked to move a man from second to third base with no run out. Eddie happened to be a fine left-handed pull hitter. Nine out of 10 times, even if he failed to get a hit, his action would move the man from second to third and put him in good scoring position with one out.

Another example of a pinch hitting specialist was Bill Rigney of the New York Giants, whom Manager Leo Durocher used for several years almost exclusively to hit a fly ball with a runner on third and less than two out.

Johnny Hogg of the St. Louis Cardinals became a specialist at scoring a runner from third with a man on first and less than two out. His speed of foot made it virtually impossible to double him on a ground ball. Many times he would merely slap the ball on the ground far enough away from the pitcher to allow the runner to score and, of course, the opposition would have no chance to complete a vital double play.

Most pitchers dream of the day when they will be considered pinch hitters on their own club. There have been some good ones, such as Red Lucas of the Cincinnati Reds, and Red Ruffing and Tommy Byrne of the New York Yankees, but the average pitcher just dreams of being a hitter and is rarely used adversely. (CRR)

ANNIVERSARY



TWENTY-FIVE YEARS ago this week Aga Khan's Blenheim II, 18-1, attended a record of 200,000 by winning the 151st running of the English Derby at Epsom Downs. Blenheim was part of a two-horse entry with the main hopes on Epsom Downs. When Aga Khan led Blenheim II into the winner's circle (above) it was his first of five triumphs in the classic.

FOR THE LOOK THAT SAYS,

"Hmmm... HIM!"



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TRACK

by HERMAN NICKMAN

A SALUTE TO THE JAVELIN AND ITS PRACTITIONERS—ONE OF WHOM, BUD HELD, IS SHOWING THOSE FINNS A THING OR TWO

Long before Sohrab and his mighty father Rustum fought their memorable battle on the sands of Ooza, the javelin, or spear, was an instrument of sports and an implement of war. For distance throwing it was blunted and capped with metal. But when it was thrown at a target—man or beast—the point was sharp. With the advent of gunpowder it became antiquated in battle and a forgotten sport.

The javelin throw is a Johnny come lately to the modern sports scene. It did not become an Olympic event until 1904, an event in the national AAU championships in 1909. It was not included in ICAA competition until 1922. Many high schools in the U.S. still do not include it in dual track meets.

Most of us believed that the Finns and the Swedes were born to be javelin throwers; that a thousand years of ancestors hunting with spears and the deep forests and lakes had developed a special breed. Certainly there was reason to think this. From the start the Swedes dominated the event, when Eric Lemming won it in three Olympics. Then along came Jona Myrta of Finland in 1915 with his throw-on-the-run method, and the Finns remained supreme until Cy Young of the U.S. (no relation to the great old-time pitcher) won the 1952 Olympics with a heave of 242 feet 0.78 inches. Myrta beyond question must be recognized as the father of the modern javelin throw and the founder of a dynasty

which includes such great performers as Matti Järvinen, Julius Saaristo, Eino Penttilä and Kaj T. Rautavaara.

For many years American competitors were so far behind these foreign performers that there was no interest in the event on this side of the Atlantic. In 1909 the supergiant Ralph Rose, holder of the world's record in the shot-put, established the first national mark in the javelin with a measly throw of 141.7 feet. Most any high school boy can better that mark now with a few weeks' practice. The early American competitors were simply "throwers" without any idea of technique. They would run up to the line, hop, step and throw. The momentum of the approach run was lost, and there was nothing but "arm" in the throw.

A CHALLENGE TO THE MAJESTY

Our track coaches were slow to adopt the Finnish throw-on-the-run technique. It was not until 1930 that an American, Jim DeMars of the University of Oregon, broke ground past the 220-foot mark. Then came an era of study by slow-motion pictures of the Finnish form and the importation of the Karhu javelin from Finland. Our American performers started challenging the old masters of the Myrta school. Their efforts were climaxed by Clarence (Bud) Held, formerly of Stanford and now an ordained Presbyterian minister, who established the presently accepted world's record at

263 feet 10 inches on August 8, 1953. To add insult to injury, he did it not with the famous Karhu but with a home-made javelin which is now being manufactured commercially by Held's father and brother near San Diego. (Held himself is not connected with the firm because that would endanger his amateur standing.)

It was not until August 1954, a year later, that the International Federation formally approved the record made with Held's javelin. There was, for one thing, considerable discussion because the javelin point did not stick. Most observers agree that it did hit but bounced off because of the hard ground. Anyway, there is nothing in the rules about sticking. The point must simply hit the ground first to make it a legal throw.

As for Held's javelin, there was nothing illegal in its construction. Held cut off the front 17 centimeters (43/4 inches) of the 37-centimeter (143/4-inch) weighted steel tip and welded the remaining 33 centimeters into a blunt tip. To maintain the minimum weight requirement (1.76 pounds, or 803 grams), he replaced the slender wooden shaft between the cord grip and the tip with the thick middle section of the javelin which was glued into place. It is much faster from tail to point than the Karhu, has less steel and more wood but still maintains the center-of-gravity point at less than the legal limit of 3 feet 73/4 inches (110 centimeters) from the tip.

The theory of the construction behind the Held design is to have the balance so arranged as to keep the point up for the maximum distance in flight. Sounds simple and elementary, but Bud thought of it first.

"Each javelin has a personality," says Held. He prefers a stiffer shaft

continued on page 48

STEP BY STEP THROUGH THE FINNISH FORM



KEY TO THE FINNISH FORM is dual sequence of six steps, which allows javelin thrower to hurl it while fully utilizing momentum of his run. At left foot hits Check 3, he is running with javelin poised high. On step R-1 he turns right foot slightly outward and starts to bring javelin back. At step L-2 he is half

turned to right. At step R-3 thrower's right foot is parallel to the scratch line, javelin is fully back and body leaning back at 40° angle. From this position he throws with full momentum of his forward motion off right foot, landing an left foot, which points straight ahead, and crossing right foot over to step at line.

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TRACK

continued from page 48

than most competitors. He has sharpened the shortened steel tip from his earlier models, saying that he just didn't have the equipment at the beginning. At Modesto, California on May 21 this year he twice sent the spear past his old mark and on the final throw set a mark of 288 feet 2 1/2 inches. Incidentally, the javelin he used at Modesto was made of spruce, which is lighter than the usual birch.

There was some doubt in the minds of certain members of the International Federation as to whether Held's original record should be accepted because it was made with an "exclusive product" not available to other competitors. Since those days Held has taken several javelins around to each of the meets for general use. There have been less than 200 made so far (price: \$18 to \$26) by his father and brother.

THE REVOLUTION IS ON

Cy Young, the Olympic champion, Bill Miller, Leo Long and Bob Kireball are using the Held-style javelin and are all hovering around the 240-foot mark at the present time. So far none has been shipped out of this country. Managing Director Rolf Hohenthal of the Finnish Iron Sportarticles Co. Ltd., whose trademark is the Karhu, is following Bud Held's progress and javelins with interest. Last year the "new look" Karhu had only a 22-centimeter gap between the torch shaft, as the revolution is on. Hohenthal thinks that the only difference between the Held javelin and the Karhu is that the former are informally in single units, and that they will fly no better than Karhu's latest. But you've got to have men as well as javelins to win, and the fall of '58 will come around real soon.

The 27-year-old, 6-foot 1-inch, 145-pound Held had an in-and-out year in 1954, experimenting with new forms. He is now reconverted to the Finnish form and feels he is throwing better than ever. His ambition — not his prediction — is 380 feet. He plans to be in top form for the Pacific Coast AAT championship at Stockton on June 10. More power to you, Francher.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
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HORSES

by WHITNEY TOWER

NASHUA SET A NEW RECORD IN THE
FREAKNESS BECAUSE AN OLD RIVAL
NAMED SARATOGA DECIDED IT WAS
FINALLY TIME TO "RUN HIS RACE"

JUST ABOUT everyone within seeing or hearing distance of last week's Freakness has gone on record as stating that it surely must have been Nashua's finest showing. There's no denying it. The big bay never looked better or ran with more convincing authority as he rolled up win No. 11 in the mile-and-three-sixteenths Firdice event that makes up the second leg of racing's triple crown.

All very well, but come, come, fellow. Even as fine an animal as Nashua cannot make his performance memorable all by himself. What about the others? What about a horse named Saratoga who pushed Nashua to a track record of 1:54 1/2? Well, to tell the truth, Saratoga had behaved so badly all week that he very nearly didn't make the race at all. Such behavior is nothing new for Saratoga. "You never know quite what he's going to do," says his trainer, Frank A. (Dowsey) Bonnal. "At Hialeah he used to balk all the way to the track, but once there he just loved to run. At Firdice he'll get to the track all right, but then he starts sulking. Last week he gave me fits. When we finally got him running he'd go too fast, then suddenly, for no reason, after breacing a half mile he'd dig his toes into the ground and stop. Finally, a couple of days before the Freakness—and just about the time when I had to make up my mind if we were going to let him run or not—I really got desperate. My son Frank and

I went out at daybreak with a couple of hunting crops. I didn't use one on Saratoga but I sure felt like it, and he looked at me as though he knew I was mad enough to use the crop on him. This scene ended with me chasing Saratoga nearly an eighth of a mile on foot down the Firdice track, waving the crop around like a wild man. If anybody saw us they must have thought we were all nuts."

On Freakness day, Saratoga (whose sire is Blenheim II) never gave a tip-off on what sort of mood he was in. Dowsey Bonnal looked him over carefully in the paddock. Saratoga was already in a lather. Bonnal promptly began sweating just as much. Saratoga's owner, Mrs. Marion duPont Scott, took in the scene through a pair of dark glasses without perspiring even one bead. As the horses left for the post parade, Bonnal hustled off to his box seat. "I swear I don't know what's going to happen out there," he moaned. "He might never come out of the gate. Or again, he might feel like running his race."

Saratoga did run his race. Although finishing second to Nashua, it was Saratoga, the pace-setter, who made the 1955 Freakness a memorable event. And, for all you know, it might have been the certifying thought of a few kids from Dowsey Bonnal's hunting crop that made this possible.

If last Saturday was just another race day to Nashua, it was one of the happiest of many happy racing days for his trainer, Serry Jim Fitzsimmons. Slightly before the show went on at Firdice, where his son John did the saddling honors, Mr. Fitz went out the Wheatley Stable's High Voltage to win the Coaching Club American Oaks for 3-year-old fillies at Belmont Park. By sundown in New York and Maryland, Serry Jim had 10% of \$113,350—the day's earnings of Nashua and High Voltage. He had both Eddie Arcaro and Ted Atkinson working for him on this big day, and there's no telling what this strong combination will do before the year is up. The season isn't even half over. (J.W.G.)



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TENNIS

CONTROVERSY HERE AND THERE:
ON JACK KRAMER'S BLAST ABOUT
MONEY-MAKING AMATEURS AND
ROPMAN'S DAVIS CUP CAMPAIGN

by WILLIAM F. TALDERT

THENNIS got a terrific jolt recently when Jack Kramer, one of its favorite sons, came out with an unbuttoned "kiss and tell" confession. Or shall we call it "stickback and tell?" Writing in a newspaper weekly magazine, *This Week*, Kramer acknowledged an amateur he didn't adhere to the rules. He said he took money on the sly from tournament sponsors—"on the barrel-head," he added. He said he was as much a pro in his amateur days as today when he can walk up to the pay window in broad daylight.

Jack went further to say he wasn't alone in these questionable practices. They were and are commonplace among topflight players, he charged. He revived the old clarion call of "tennis bums."

Personally I was astounded by the article. Not that I didn't know that abuses exist in tennis, to an extent, as they do in other amateur sports. It was just that I was amazed to see these words come from Jack Kramer, who has been such a prominent figure in the game.

Kramer beams a spotlight on what he calls "hypocrisy" in tennis and suggests that the proper way to eliminate it is to permit an open tournament, such as is sanctioned in golf. This, he says, would mean prize money and nothing can be cleaner than prize money, openly given.

I disagree. Tennis is not ready for an open tournament. When the open tournament is accepted—and it probably will come to pass sometime in the distant future—it certainly will not follow the format Kramer outlines.

Jack's open tournament would be no more than a glorified touring road show. It would kill amateur tennis, the lifeblood of the sport.

NO QUICK MIRACLE CURE

Tennis has its flaws, certainly. But I don't feel Kramer has hit upon the remedy. There is no quick miracle drug to bring tennis absolute purity, just as college football hasn't found an answer for abuses in football scholar-

continued on page 5

continued on page 50

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Fig. 1. Experimental setup.

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0.3	0.3	0.0	0.3
0.4	0.4	0.0	0.4
0.5	0.5	0.0	0.5
0.6	0.6	0.0	0.6
0.7	0.7	0.0	0.7
0.8	0.8	0.0	0.8
0.9	0.9	0.0	0.9
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ships and the Olympic Games bodies, the pinnacle of amateurism, haven't been able to wipe off the professional tinge in their own ranks.

And I do feel the abuses in tennis are exaggerated. For every single fault, the game has 99 fine, laudable traits. Thousands of kids will play it for the love of the game, and nothing more.

We have faced the problem realistically in permitting our amateur players to have sporting goods connections, as in Australia and other countries. Also they can write for magazines and newspapers. We can minimize it further by tightening our amateur code and enforcing it. And this problem, too, may be tackled from another direction:

I always have felt that the players were unjustly given too much blame for these rule infractions, and the tournament sponsor too little. It takes two to make a deal. For every player who is given extra cash under the table remember there has to be an ambitious tournament promoter at the other end.

The players usually are young, impressionable and not overly rich. The tournament directors are older men. They are supposed to be influential sectors of example. If we're going to crack down, let's crack down on the knuckles holding the cash.

Button down the hatches. To the stern collars, men. The Australians are moving in this summer like Hurricane Helen, hell-bent on winning back the Davis Cup.

The latest communications from down under are bristling with vengeance. The report is that Captain Harry Hopman, his pride stung by last December's setback, is determined to recover the big silver bowl and then retire. Hopman says flatly that the team's main emphasis will be placed on winning the Cup and not on building up the players' experience through a world tour.

ALL OUT FOR THE CUP

The Australians have gathered their Davis Cup squad in Sydney. In spring training are Lewis Hoad, Ken Rosewall, Rex Hartwig, Neale Fraser and Ashley Cooper. Departing soon in two separate groups, they will arrive in England in time to play in Queens and Wimbledon.

Hopman announced that his prototype would forgo all of the European campaign so they could come to

TENNIS

continued from page 50



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TIP FROM THE TOP



Especially for the middle and high handicap golfers

From **JOE NOVAK**, pro at Bel Air Country Club, Beverly Hills, Calif.

I have rarely seen a consistently good golfer who did not have excellent balance. The feet, of course, are the key to balance or the lack of it. In addressing the ball, many golfers stand with their feet planted so that both toes point outward. This position tends to root them too solidly. It doesn't allow them to transfer their weight smoothly and easily going back and coming into the ball, and the player has quite a time of it getting his body into the position whereby it can properly transmit its power to the swing via the hands.

The next time you go out to play or practice, try this tip. Take a slightly narrow stance. Then after you have lined up the shot, swivel your right heel out so that the toe points straight ahead or even a fraction in. This pigeon-toed stance, you'll find, will enable you to pivot with greater ease on your backswing. The whole right foot, not just the heel, will support the shifting of your weight. You will find, in short, that this pigeon-toed stance will facilitate the maintenance of balance throughout the swing and that you will be able to move into the ball with greater power and so gain extra length.



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THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING'S

OPERATION BIG BREAKFAST

by JOHN O'REILLY

THIS COUNTRY'S biggest bird-feeding operation is now moving into high gear, and in this case the birds are doing the job themselves. Bringing up America's fledglings is a mighty task with an estimated population of some 5,700,000 birds involved. The number of bugs, grubs and worms carried to fill the gaping mouths of nestlings would belabour an electronic brain.

The gathering of this bug harvest helps man in his eternal war with the



insects and provides bird-family scenes to be enjoyed by everyone. Songbirds are now more numerous than when this country was a wilderness. In clearing his land and creating yards around his homes, man has provided an ideal songbird habitat, complete with nesting sites, worming grounds and protection. Bird families such as the familiar ones on these pages are as much a part of the American yard and meadow as are the trees, daffodils and green grass.

MEADOWLARK AND ITS CHILDREN



FLASHY FLICKER collects its food both in trees and on the ground, preferring ants as its chief. Flickers, who are members of the woodpecker family, like to excavate holes in dead trees but will also use nesting boxes and natural cavities in which to build their nests and rear from six to eight offspring. The custom of cutting down dead trees often works a hardship on flickers as it creates a housing shortage.

WATCHFUL MEADOWLARK stands by its nest of hungry youngsters concealed under a dome of long grass. A colorful songbird, it is a familiar sight over most of the country as it perches on the top of a tree or a fence post and delivers its high-pitched song. Far less familiar to bird watchers is this revealing view of a typical nest which the meadowlark has hidden with its usual skill right in an open field.

continued on next page



CLAMORING BARN SWALLOWS are fed with insects brought on the wing by a parent. These birds were nested in natural caves and under eaves until man came along and began building barns

and houses with porches. Swallows immediately began making their homes under eaves and have been paying "hom" ever since by keeping down the bug populations around homessteads.



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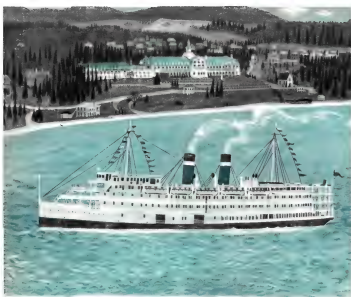
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY LOUISAINE FOX

VIVE LA TROUT DU CANADA!

Whether he tries for 'monchetdes' or 'arc-en-ciel,' the traveling angler who visits French Canada via steamer will find a delightfully different vacation

by HORACE SUTTON

A TROUT that is somewhat is a trout that is pink on the inside, speckled on the outside and always hungry. *Monchetdes* trout and, to a point, even *arc-en-ciel* (see cover) abound in that schizoid land of French Canada where part of the population speaks French, the other part English, and signs are printed in both.

I can't think of a more comfortable way of getting to the trout than by rapier, a term which to much of the Quebec population means steamboat. These steamboats are operated by the

Canada Steamship Lines on a half-French, half-English basis, and puff regularly down the St. Lawrence River from the quay at Montreal, carrying padres in berets and black robes, French-Canadian honeymooners in new shoes and fishermen in old shirts.

A rapier is something less than the *Ne de France* and something more than, say, a *bateau mouche*, those little craft that skim along the Seine loaded with French lovers and American tourists. They have cabins with regular beds, a hold in which to carry your

car, and a menu that is printed in French and English. Here in this 60-66 world, puffed wheat becomes *MF* soup; *MF*, and little things you took for granted, like a maple walnut sardine, emerge as *sardine à l'érable et aux noix*.

SUMMER FISHING HOTELS

Now the rapier people, besides running the rapiers, also operate two faded summer hotels along the route, the *Mansie Richelieu* at Murray Bay, and the *Tadoussac Hotel* at the entrance to the Saguenay River. The

Manoir is a double, king-sized Norman chateau with great carpeted halls, a dining room in which the 493rd United States Infantry could stage an encampment, and a golf course which requires two elevators to transport players from green to tee. Tadoussac is both smaller and simpler, but both resorts, besides having golf, swimming pools, tennis courts, and ample places to exchange your cash for cashmere sweaters, Murray Bay blankets and other impediments, maintain fishing camps in the environs.

The Manoir's fishing camp is 42 miles from the hotel, a route covered by chauffeured limousine with one brief stop for last-minute equipment at C.A. Brouillard's general store, a place that sells pickles, liletoem, spinnies, landing nets and shares in a nearby uranium mine. The Manoir's base camp consists of three cabins, each of which has two double rooms with a bath between. The tariff is \$14 a day for room and board, the use of a rod and reel if you don't have your own, and also the camp's jeep.

French-Canadian guides are assigned by L. (Paul) Chamberlain, the camp manager, and you can have your choice of 16 lakes to fish on, including Bonhomme Laurent, Calabash, Belly and Lac au Blanc. A few can be reached by a short jeep journey, but most are open only to a man on foot. There is one boat tied up at each lake, and Chico, a 45-minute walk, is equipped with a sleeping cabin, outdoor plumbing and a supply of food.

Those who return to the base camp each night get home cooking over a birch-log fire by Mme. Chamberlain, including *saucis aux pois*, *laurière*—a farmer pie, or a *boeuf*, which is a sort of stew of beef, pork, cabbage, turnips, carrots and whatever else is handy. Also there is trout, pan-fried, pink and crusty.

The trout are all brook trout here, and the season runs from June first to the end of September. Only fly fishing is allowed. No trolling, no still fishing, no worms, no bait, no spinning. Fishing licenses for residents and nonresidents are on sale at the camp. If you are wondering how large is a large trout hereabouts, one checked in on June 14, 1946 weighing 5 pounds 6 ounces and now lies in state, suitably enshrouded, over the dining room fireplace.

Tadoussac, a few hours ride down the St. Lawrence from the dock at Murray Bay, sits like a doorman at the entrance to the Saguenay, a deep and strange river where cliffs rise like fjord walls 500 feet higher than the Empire

State Building, whales come in from the Atlantic, and seals can themselves like summer tourists on the shoreline rocks.

The Indians were the first humans to come to Tadoussac as a resort, assembling each summer in a vast convention to hold a fair where they could barter Canadian furs and walrus ivory for tobacco and pearls up from the Caribbean. They hunted for seals, walrus and white whales, and they fished the streams. Then came Cartier looking for a route to Cathay and the Indians beguiled him with stories of gold and silver mines up the Saguenay, of "men and women who dress and wear shoes as we do," and also of people who never eat, have no bottoms and do not digest food.

THE FAMOUS SAGUENAY

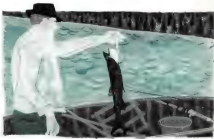
The Saguenay turned out to be devoid of these marvels but a rich kingdom of blueberries, salmon and scenery, and thousands have been riding the steamboats every summer to see it. For anyone stopping over at Tadoussac there is the handsome hotel sitting high on the bluffs with black carriages to run you up there from the dock. It is an informal place run with easy grace by Capt. Carl Bodensieck, a tweedy charmer once of England.

For fishing widows there is a new pool on the lawn, tennis courts, a nine-hole golf course, and Amazonian types can sand-ski down a tremendous pile

for fly-casting, but all the rest can be used for trolling with spinner and worm, still-fishing or fly-casting. The catch is brook trout and sometimes landlocked salmon.

Tadoussac's camp is run by Edouard Harvey, a bearded outdoorsman descended from a British soldier and a French frontier girl. There is a standing guarantee from him that he "never come back wid no fish. That night I do I sleep in da wood." Edouard's experience with the local trout spans the era from the days of President Taft, for whom he was a guide, to the present fashionable age, in which he has little confidence.

The somewhat more rugged aspects of the Tadoussac camp compared with the Manoir's—there are double-deck bunks and all the plumbing is in the main house—means that the clientele is mostly male, the ladies being content to stay in the comfort of the hotel 15 minutes away. However, the very proximity sometimes draws strange types to the backwoods camp, and Edouard remembers with great clarity the day "two hactresses from 'Olly-woods" showed up ready to fish. Later they decided to explore the home of the trout, but lacking bathing suits, insisted on swimming in the buff. Edouard was bidding a hasty retreat into the coolness of the woods when the ladies demanded he remain to stand guard, and this he did with the blood converging in his brain and his



of dunes dipping right into the sea. As for the fishermen, the camp is a handy seven miles away, sitting in a grove of birch trees and blueberry patches, looking down on Baker Lake, one of nine loosed by the hotel, Balam Lake, a three-minute portage away, is set aside

hands tremble. Later when he returned to camp, he rushed up to Mme. Harvey to tell her about his extraordinary experience. "I say to my wife, 'Today I see something . . . something absolutely divine!' 'E say, 'I knew what, I bet you saw a moose.' " END



WHOLESALE IN FINEST BLEND IT IS BY TYPE STILL USED BY SLASHING PORTUGUESE

HARPOONS AWAY!

The director of the forthcoming movie "Moby Dick" finds the great tradition of New England whalers still alive among the courageous men of Madeira

by JOHN HUSTON

IN Canical Bay, Madeira, a dozen dead sperm whales lay at anchor. They were awaiting their turn to be hoisted up the shipway into the flensing yard of the dry-docks, where 28 barefooted, bloody-ankled whalers should have been waiting to strip off their blubber. Right now, however, the whalers had down-tooled. They were watching Senhor Gouveia, their company manager, coaching over the sights of the brand new 40-mm. cannon mounted in a powerboat.

He aimed at one of the whale carcasses, paused and fired. The harpoon hit its target with a smack and ricocheted. There was a loud cheer from above.

The cannon was reloaded, and the boat circled for another run. This time the harpoon missed altogether. There were louder cheers, tinged with irony.

At the third try the whalers just laughed. Their laughter rang mockingly across the bay, and there was a lot more behind it than simple amusement. They had just seen their whole way of life threatened—and reprieved.

If the experiment with the automatic harpoon had succeeded, it would have meant for these sea-whaling settlements, with disappearing oars, explosives instead of strong right arms. There were old voices to be heard in that laughter—the voices of whalers long dead, echoing down the years from Nantucket and New Bedford. Whaling is a business. But it is sport and adventure, too, men in a personal duel with the great beasts of the water.

In a sense, these barefoot men of Canical are living history. They follow a tradition that elsewhere has vanished from the seas—open-boat whaling. Throughout the world, ancient and modern methods have revolutionized the search for whale oil into a thing of guns and steel, of fast steam

trawlers and factory ships. Nowhere now do six trusty whalersmen still attack the sperm in an open rowboat, the harpooner withholding his hand harpoon until the last minute—sometimes until the actual hump of "wood on black-skin." Nowhere, that is, except in the Azores and Madeira.

The whalersmen—there are four of them—are lined up on the "hard" with their equipment stowed shipshape and Bristol-fashion ready for the "whale sighted" signal. Were an old New England whalerman around today he would see boats that are longer than in his time, about 18 feet longer, and carved—instead of clinker-built—that is to say, smooth-sided. But this last, he will realize, is an improvement, because sperm whales are sensitive to noise and these smooth sides must make less disturbance in the water.

Inside the boat he would feel at home. There is one more ear and one more thwart, but everything else is just where he left it one hundred years ago—the mast, mainsail and jib lying along the thwarts, the twin line tube amidships containing 480 yards of neatly coiled whale line. There in the bow is the "climby cleat," identical to the one he used to brace his leg against when he was "darting the iron." And in the stern is the same old "loggerhead," the post round which the whale line runs when the boat is "lan" to a whale.

He moves up forward, touching things nostalgically. Three lanes for killing the whale—the same. Six harpoons—the same. He draws one out. Imagine his astonishment. It is the trusty Temple's Gig, the single-flued harpoon invented by Lewis Temple, a New Bedford Negro, in 1848.

There, however, the similarity ends, because now the Portuguese are shore whalers. Where the home of Herman

Just continued on page 48



'THE IRON' darts into the whale in the elusive net of the long, cautious approach to the unsuspecting monster. In this tense moment of utter danger, all hands stand by to back up as soon as the iron strikes home.

'PEAKING FLUKES' the whale dives head down as he feels the iron—sometimes so deep that line must be cut to save the boat. When he rises again, the line is snarled and the "Nantucket sleighride" begins.





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COURT STARS OF THE '80s

The dresy players below were dominant figures in the early days of lawn tennis in this country. Richard Dudley Seams (upper left), uncle of the famous Boston sportsman,

Eleanora Seams, was first national singles champion. He held the title from 1881 through 1887—and won the doubles title six times, five of them with Dr. Dwight.



Richard Dudley Seams



Dr. Dwight



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GIANTS IN THEM DAYS!

PADDY CALLIGAN

I WOULDN'T want to knock the present generation of fighters, but for a real two-fisted character I'd take Paddy Calligan, the great hammerweight champion of the Nineties. Paddy could hit from any position, including on the floor, and it was said that he could knock out an ox. As a matter of fact he got in trouble with the S.P.C.A. a few times over that, but don't get the idea that Calligan minded knocking out people too. He loved it.

Even as a schoolboy Paddy scored kayos over a geometry instructor, a principal and two truant officers, but when he turned professional he really went to town. Inside of a year he had turned in an amazing string of quick knockouts, accounting for Jim Macneil in the 21st round, Mace Collins in the 43rd, Tip Monahan in the 45th and Harry Sparger in the 52nd. In each case the knockout came from the first blow he landed, and it staggers the imagination to think what Calligan could have accomplished if he'd had a little better sense of direction.

Paddy's greatest satisfaction came from his victory over Eddie Nelson at Llanfylltefabell, Wales. Calligan hated Welshmen. He also hated Englishmen, Scotchmen, Frenchmen, Scandinavians, Germans, Italians, Russians, trees, streetcars, birds, pencils, vegetables, odd-numbered streets, barbers, milk, New York, New Haven, Hartford, 3c stamps and anybody whose last name began with anything but C or S. He was pretty fond of hair mat-temen, though.

But for all his turbulence in the ring, Paddy had a keen sense of humor and was fond of practical jokes such as derailing trains, sawing through floor timbers of his friends' houses, and sending women telegrams informing them that their husbands had dropped dead.

It is a great tragedy that Calligan met an untimely death at the age of 23 in a peculiar accident that still defies explanation. He was found, securely bound hand and foot, hanging from a tree.

—PARK CURRINGS

HARPOONS AWAY!

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Melville's men was in the 16th's, the Portuguese live in fishermen's cottages and grow their own vegetables and make their own wine. Nevertheless, theirs is a primitive existence on a lonely headland. Their pay averages out at 1,000 escudos per month—less than \$30—the boatheaders top rate at \$66. They work all hours—sometimes, when a big catch has to be flensed quickly, as long as 24 hours at a stretch.

It is not hard to trace the ancestry of these Portuguese fishermen. The New Englanders, in their ever-widening search for whales, began fishing the Azorian grounds as early as 1774. They would call in at the islands to replenish and take on recruits. So it was aboard the American whaleships that the islanders first learned the art of whaling, a tradition that they finally carried back to their homes to adapt to the conditions of island life.

TRANSPLANTED TONGUE

With them they brought also a new vocabulary, whaling jargon of which there was no equivalent in their own language. Such terms as blackskin, humpback, killer, bull, stern-oar, spout and a score of others are now Portuguese words. "Blon!" the boatheader cries, meaning "That she blows!" and he would be surprised if you told him that it was not native to his people.

In the huddled fishing village of Canical it is foredawn. Doors rattle open, followed by the patter of bare feet on cobbles, a sound which multiplies swiftly until it becomes a continuous rustle of movement. Twenty-seven men are hurrying up through the grayness to the whaling station.

The 28th, João Corto, harpooner, is late. He was down on the beach unloading five night's catch of *sardas* when the rocket signal went up. Now he dashes to his cottage, snatches a loaf and bottle of wine and runs.

By the time he reaches the whaling station the first boat has already been swung out on the davits and lowered into the water. João and his crew alight down the steps into one of the other three boats, take up their oars and pull strongly toward the powerboat which will pull them to the whales.

"Where are they?" João asks.

"Cape Girão," Antonio grunts. Antonio is the boatheader, a lean, tanned man with a family of eight. "A school."

"Good," João tries to look pleased, but he is tired and a school means back-breaking work. The others laugh.

The powerboat slows. João shakes himself out of his oilskin and grasps the end of the whale line. He passes it around the loggerhead in the stern and carries it forward the length of the boat, gathers 20 feet of it in to him and coils it on the harpoon platform.

"Bloo!" the men shout, almost in unison.

João looks to where they are pointing. Several puffs of white gleam and vanish against the dark blue of the sea about two kilometers away.

THE GUNRAY

Then they are all pulling together, João with them. He has the forward oar, with a view of the whole boat. Beyond and above them stands Antonio, dark-jawed, lean-bodied at the steering oar. Antonio sees the whales.

"One kilometer to go," Antonio says presently, speaking quietly.

The men respond. The team sense is very strong in them, for without it they could not survive. A hundred meters to go! João rows three more strokes, then quickly peaks his oar, scrambles up forward.

He coaches his harpoons at shoulder level, careful to keep the line on the outside of his wrist, his feet clear of the baseline. To foul the line during the "dart," he knows, could mean death.

He measures up the whales swiftly. There are about 30 of them, shining black torpedoes, three of them maybe 50 feet long. He picks the biggest, signaling to Antonio to swing around.

Ten meters. Five. He can hear the whales blowing now, long, big-bellied sighs as they idle, porpoise-like, through the sea. Three meters. Two.

He pushes the heavy harpoon through the air with a follow-through motion that leaves him sprawled.

The iron strikes deep blubber aft and slightly to one side of the hump, burying itself to the socket. The huge black hump rises like a mountain out of the water as the whale "rounds out." The men back-oar desperately. There is a hump, and the bow lifts out of the water, teeters for an instant and then submerges as the whale sounds.

João grabs up the baseline and tenses it after the whale. It moves, begins to run, rippling first, then fast, moving faster. It spins out of the tub, leaps to the second tub, begins to empty that. The men have struck a deep sounder. João scoops water quickly onto the chokers to keep the wood from smothering, Antonio doing the same with the loggerhead, one eye all the time on the line shrinking down in the tub.

continued on next page

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HARPOONS AWAY!

continued from page 43

"Knife!" he shouts hurriedly to Jolo.

Jolo snatches out his knife and points it above the line, ready to cut if the whale should not stop. Then relief. The whale has ceased its dive and has leveled off.

Antonio laughs and throws a quick turn and a half of line about the logger-head. The boat leaps forward and the "Manuelito sleighride" begins. The men reach for their cigars and wedge themselves against the gunwales in preparation for a long ride.

A CRISIS

Suddenly every man is standing at his oar. One of the other whaleboats has also "made fast." The two whales have crossed!

The boats begin to zigzag crazily. There is a moment of panic as they rush powerlessly toward each other.

They miss, and as fast as they come together the boats separate. In this manner they see the sleighride through, perilously, together.

The whales, exhausted from pulling against each other as well as the boats, finally surface. Hand over hand, then, the whale crews draw in their lines.

Jolo takes up his 11-foot lance. The other harpooners do the same and they lance the whales between them, first darting lances like harpoons, finally ramming them in, twisting them, "sturning" for the creatures' lungs.

The slender iron shank sinks through the blubber like a slender through-batten, hits a rib. A jarring shock comes back up the shaft. Jolo withdraws, lunges again. This time it is softness all the way, deep, vulnerable softness, with only a shudder of convulsing muscles reaching him through the wood.

His whale begins to spout blood, a sign known by whalersmen the world over as "chimney afire." The creature is dying. It lifts its nose as though trying to climb out of the water and, jaws working, pines away in a savage ball circle. Then turning sharply it rushes back toward the boat.

But the creature is laboring. He sinks slowly down into the sea until, a few yards from them, he stops altogether and, emitting a final spew of blood, turns over on his flank. The pectoral fin lifts. He is dead.

This is all in a day's work. It is not a sensationalized description. It is a statement of fact. This is the whaling of a hundred years ago. It is a handful of Portuguese fishermen today, the inheritors of a brave tradition. (C.B.)

DUROCHER'S NINE LIVES

continued from page 35

Catholic layman, made known his disapproval of Durocher's behavior.

On April 9, a week before the season opened, Chandler announced his startling decision. Both the Yanks and the Dodgers were fined \$2,000 apiece. Durocher was suspended 30 days. Parratt was fined \$500 for ghosting Durocher's column and talking too much, and Durocher was thrown out of baseball for the rest of the year.

Chandler also ordered all parties "fined." Durocher and Rickey obeyed, but MacPhail, belatedly penitent in his own fashion, publicly declared the suspension to be unfair. He was thereafter quoted as saying it wouldn't have happened if Rickey hadn't really wanted it (this statement, more than anything, created the permanent breach between MacPhail and Rickey), and as predicting that Durocher was probably permanently through in Brooklyn but might be considered as manager of the Yankees. Somewhat tardily, Chandler called MacPhail on the carpet for these random comments. What transpired at their meeting has never come out.

An interesting fact that has not been publicized is that the fire against Harold Parratt was rekindled severely by Chandler several months later. Despite this oblique admission that Parratt and the Dodgers, and himself as well, had been victimized, Chandler, five years afterward, was widely quoted as saying he would have banned Durocher if he had still been commissioner under the same circumstances, that he did so at the time to keep Leo "from killing somebody . . . he was on the defensive every minute, against the fans, the umpires and practically everybody." Now running for governor of Kentucky in an attempt to reestablish himself politically—he was once a senator—he denies having uttered this incoherent post mortem. It could scarcely have been admitted.

When Durocher and Lorraine Day left for the West Coast, everyone from Rickey down made sure they knew it was "not goodbye but just so long." Privately, Rickey assured Durocher that his job would be waiting for him. The question of filing a civil suit for damages against Chandler was seriously considered but finally abandoned. Rickey and Ford Frick, then president of the National League, both made



A PROMONITORY FINGER is shaken in jest at Leo Durocher by this built-for-happy Chandler in 1947. Two years later (also named after) when Chandler suspended Durocher.

personal appeals to Chandler to reduce the severity of Durocher's sentence and, when those failed, Rickey waged "a cold war" with Chandler throughout 1947 to make certain that, when the banishment was over, Leo would be fully reinstated as manager. In fact, it's now established that Rickey told Chandler he would quit baseball himself if Durocher wasn't allowed back with full rights and privileges restored. Despite this ardent behind-the-scenes activity, Durocher somehow came to feel that Rickey's public support of him left something to be desired. This in turn raised the question of the religious and civic pressure that was still being brought on Rickey in Brooklyn, and that was being backed up elsewhere, to have Durocher permanently removed from the scene.

A RIGHTEOUS MAN

A righteous man to the tip of his toes, and capable of being an angry man as well, Rickey undoubtedly thought that what Chandler had done was completely unwarranted. At the same time, given the atmosphere in Brooklyn, he undoubtedly went as far as he could in Durocher's behalf. It would also be hard to believe Rickey could do anything but agree, in principle, with the critics of Durocher's moral conduct. Any attempt to persuade them that sufficient punishment had been meted out would have had to be carried on quietly rather than publicly. Whether or not Rickey was inwardly relieved over having his private redemption project sent to reform school for a year remains a moot question. In retrospect that also seems possible.

The year Durocher spent away from baseball was a hard one for him, but it would have been a lot harder, in fact it could easily have led him to a point of no return, had he not had the stability of his new marriage. He and Lorraine lived quietly with her parents in her \$200,000 home in Santa Monica. Leo let off steam by clearing six acres of land with a brush-hack and landscaping the place.

"You'd have thought he would be moody, morose and stuffy," says Danny Kaye, one of his oldest friends, "but actually he wasn't. Lorraine did a great deal from the start to make Leo aware of his best qualities. In his love for her he allowed his gentler and finer feelings to come to the fore, but I think they were always there to be brought out."

His diametric opposites on the surface, Lorraine was a Mormon girl of strict upbringing, who doesn't smoke or drink (not even coffee) or gamble, and who never uses anything approaching bad language; her shyness often causes her withdrawal to a point of rudeness. When she had first seen Leo, in a New York night club two years before they were married, she hadn't known who or what he was or, for that matter, what the Dodgers were. But after they had met again, on a flight east from Los Angeles one night, she decided she had "been in love with Leo all my life."

Undoubtedly he brought her out of her shell just as much as she offered him a haven for his restlessness and discontent. At the time of her divorce, she had already adopted a son, Chris, and was in the process of adopting two

continued on next page

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girls (one was later returned). Durocher, who has always loved children and is astonishingly tender and playful with them, soon found himself not only preoccupied but thoroughly occupied. He summed it up happily himself. "My God, I came west to play golf," he said, "and I ended up with a wife and three kids."

THE MANAGER'S MANAGER

It was typical of Laraine Day, a bookworm all her life, that she devoted herself assiduously to the study of baseball when she married Leo Durocher. Now he calls her "the manager's manager"; she trains, as do any number of baseball fans, that "he does enough things wrong to keep me happy." She takes the game as seriously as he does; both of them are moody and early when the Giants lose.

Laraine has not only made Leo more thoughtful and considerate, and less abrasive, but she has made him read good books along with his comics and has also given him an appreciation of music and art. Last Valentine's Day, she gave him some Renoir and Cézanne prints. He, in turn, has become interested in antiques, and has spent considerable time searching for old vases to present to her. Their new 16-room house in Beverly Hills is the epitome of sliding-door éclat and restraint. Both Leo and Laraine are supremely meticulous; as she keeps her dressing room, he keeps his outside bar, beyond the swimming pool, in shipshape order. The bar stools are fashioned out of old catcher's mitts, and the room is filled with framed baseball lore.

The two best friends the Durochers have, Coney Jackson, a West Coast advertising executive, and his wife, the former Gail Patrick of the screen, were products of the suspension period. The Durochers are godparents of the Jacksons' children. "Leo's love of people, his gratitude for friendship, is both his greatest asset and weakness," says Jackson. "He'll not and talk toughest with people he likes most. But no matter where you are, you can stack a room with 30 people with better minds and better looks, and he'll somehow take charge."

Durocher was paid his full salary by the Dodgers in 1947 and was also voted a full World's Series out by the Dodge players, a move vetoed by Chandler. But his return as the Brooklyn manager in 1948 was, as the baseball world knows, short-lived. And the manner in

which he suddenly shifted to the Polo Grounds, as the manager of the hated Giants, was only slightly less sensational than the way in which he had been banished. Once again, the real reason was his personal life. Had Durocher not married Laraine Day when he did and in the manner he did, he probably would not have been barred for a year and he would still be Branch Rickey's manager, somewhere.

Rickey is the first to admit the good influence Laraine has had on Leo. "The biggest change in him is the willingness, the confidence he now has, to meet good people," he says. "And he meets only good people now." But, looking back to 1948, Rickey adds, "His new marriage was very new then."

Durocher was deeply grateful for getting his job back. "In the face of pressure that would have made it much easier for him, had he made a change, Rickey quietly gave me the manager's reins again," he wrote in his autobiography, *The Dodgers and I*. "But I could have told you that Branch was never one to trade his ideals for a plush ride through life." (By the time Durocher wrote this, he had become aware of Rickey's long and difficult campaign to make him persona grata once more in Brooklyn, and he had lost his earlier peevishness over Rickey's lack of public proclamations in his behalf.) Unfortunately, only two months after the book was published, Harold Parrott, who had helped him write it, came to see Durocher between games of a double-header as Leo was shaving. "The old man wants you to resign," Parrott announced. Durocher sneered through laughter. "Resign, hell! He'll have to fire me," he replied.

The Dodgers had got off to a poor start. What they most lacked was spirit and drive and, in Rickey's estimation, this was reflected in Durocher's attitude. Leo, he concluded, was a man divided unto himself. "The management of a baseball club is a jealous mistress," Rickey points out. "It doesn't permit a man to think of something else, to dabble. It comes first all the time. In earthly terms, he can have no other God."

Just when Rickey decided that a change would have to be made in not known, but he brooded about it during the whole first part of the season as he observed Durocher carefully. "Something had to happen," he now says. "Something in the field of shock to bring her, him, me, all of us to grips."

Rickey had apparently intimated to Durocher at another point that he thought Leo's future lay with the

Giants. Since Durocher had had the same idea himself for some time, the only difficulty appeared to lie in convincing Horace Stoneham, the Giants' owner. By strange coincidence, the opportunity arose in July when Stoneham decided that he had gone as far as he could with Mel Ott as his manager.

The man Stoneham initially had in mind to replace Ott was Bart Shotton, whom he had admired as Durocher's 1947 replacement. Shotton was a lifelong friend of Rickey's and Stoneham first had him sounded out privately. Shotton avowed his willingness to take the job but wanted to check with Rickey first. When he did, Rickey told him to wait and suggested to Stoneham that they talk the matter over further.

THE SPECIAL WAY

"I'll never forget it," Stoneham recalls. "Rickey was such a special way of talking. He was sort of thinking out loud, saying something about guessing Shotton would be willing to 'do this for me' and I was completely confused. I didn't know if he meant asking Shotton to come over to me, or to him, but finally it dawned on me and I put the question directly—whether I had a choice, Shotton or Durocher. Rickey thought a moment. 'Yes,' he said. I said, 'I'll take Leo.'"

Durocher was in Montreal, where Rickey had sent him on a scouting mission, and early that evening he received the startling news of his impending transfer over the long distance phone. A little later, Stoneham and two of his aides went to the Durocher apartment on East 81st Street, where Laraine was listening to a Dodge night game on the radio. She knew nothing about the shift her husband was making from Sparta to Athens until Stoneham told her. Then she snatched the radio off and smiled. "What am I listening to this for, then?" she asked.

Durocher arrived back in New York about 11 o'clock and went right to Rickey's office, where Laraine met him. He was not at all pleased with the way things had been done, presumptuously, in his absence. Rickey wanted him to sign a statement that he was leaving Brooklyn voluntarily. Durocher loved the issue by asking if he was still the Brooklyn manager of the moment. Rickey said yes. And tomorrow, if he wanted to be? Leo demanded. Rickey said yes. "Next month?" Leo persisted. Rickey could not give him that assurance, answering the question by coughing and turning away. Nevertheless, after Laraine had



LEO AND HIS BOSS, Horace Starnham, then commissioner's office during 1948 ruckus, give fan's charge that Durocher hit him. Starnham hooked Leo, who was absolved.

approved the statement on Rirkey's desk, Leo signed it.

Becoming manager of the Giants was to prove Durocher's biggest break, but he still resents the manner in which Rirkey maneuvered the deal. And even though he may have seen the handwriting on the wall as clearly as Rirkey had, Durocher does not agree with Rirkey's analysis that his "new marriage" to Laraine in any way interfered with his being a good manager in Brooklyn. Rirkey still believes otherwise. "I felt there would be a change, sooner or later, as there is in all marriages," he says, "and the difficulty I found then has now adjusted itself, I have no doubt about that."

The team Durocher inherited at the Polo Grounds was a sorry shadow of the great teams McGraw had built, and the fact was graphically demonstrated by the drop in attendance. Fourth when Leo took the helm, New York finished a sad fifth in 1948, and fifth again in 1949. But he was beginning to build what he calls "my kind of team." At the end of 1949, such slow-footed veteran sluggers as Sid Gordon and Willard Marshall were disposed of and, at Leo's valuable insistence, in came Ed Stanky, his old side-kick at Brooklyn, the second baseman Rirkey had shunted to Boston in a salary fight, and Alvin Dark, then a hard-hitting rookie shortstop. The process would take time, but Durocher had learned more than one lesson during his long apprenticeship to Branch Rirkey. He had not only acquired the technique of managing a ball team, but he had also found

out how to build one best in his own scrappy image.

The most important event in 1949, however, and one that is held by Durocher's friends to have had as much an impact on him as his 1947 suspension, had nothing to do with improving the team. It had everything to do with helping re-establish Durocher in his own mind, and in the public's.

THE FAINTING HECKER

One day late in April, during a wild game in which the Dodgers pummeled the Giants 18-2, Fred Boyzen, a Puerto Rican veteran and an ardent Dodger fan, kept heckling Durocher. At the end of the game Boyzen dashed onto the field and swooped past Durocher, grabbing his cap. Leo made a normal lunge to recover it, during which he came into brief contact with Boyzen, and may have sent him sprawling. Boyzen fled suit for assault, charging that Durocher had hit him, thrown him to the ground, and then kicked him in the stomach.

The first reaction of baseball fans everywhere, and of Commissioner Chandler, was that Durocher had done it again. Leo was immediately suspended, indefinitely. It looked as if it might really be the end. But the picture quickly changed. After riding to a hospital in a taxi, Boyzen fell into an impressive but phony faint. X-ray examinations proved completely negative. Durocher kept his silence except to ask, "Do you think I could knock him down in front of hundreds of spectators and no one would see it?"

The mail over the next two days seemed to bear him out. Scores of tel-

egrams and letters poured into the Giants' office, and into Chandler's, protesting the new suspension and giving eye-witness testimony that Durocher had done nothing more than try to get his cap back. On May 4 Leo was back as manager. He got a tremendous reaction. In court, Boyzen not only withdrew the charges but shook hands with Durocher and wished him luck.

"The whole thing boomeranged in his favor," says Garry Schumacher of the Giants. "From that day, he felt the fans were back of him and not against him. It's made a big difference."

The improvement in the Giants began to show in 1950 when they ended up third, and every baseball fan remembers the classic finish in 1951, when Bobby Thomson's ninth-inning home run beat the Dodgers in the last game of a breath-taking pennant play-off at the Polo Grounds. Durocher had arrived as a manager in more ways than one. Not only had he implied the Giants in their great drive, but he had demonstrated far more maturity and wisdom than he had shown just a decade earlier when, behaving like a wild apprentice jockey, he had whipped the gambling, galloping Dodgers in the flag.

Perhaps the most important aspect of the later-day Durocher was his ability to delegate authority. He was always wise in his selection of coaches—Charley Brown had been a whiz for him in Brooklyn—but in recent years baseball has become far more of a co-operative enterprise than it once was. A chief innovation has been the importance of the pitching coach, and no one has benefited from this more than Durocher. In Frank Shellenback, an old spitball pitcher, he has a man whom many consider the best in the business. "Shelly" runs the Giant bullpen as an almost autonomous unit. "In six years, Leo hasn't said 10 words telling me what to do," he says.

Both Shelly and Fred Fitzmaurice, Durocher's other chief lieutenant, who sit on the bench and coaches as first when the Giants are at bat, keep a constant eye out to spot a tiring or a straining pitcher. When they see anything wrong, Durocher gets the word and Shelly starts to warm up the man or men Leo wants. Shelly is expected to let him know if his front-running choice "hasn't got it." Invariably Leo will then ask Shelly for the man who "looks good." The system has provided one of the most efficient and successful relief corps in the majors.

Durocher has progressed in other
continued on next page

respects, too, especially in handling his players. Always a perfectionist, and with a quality of alertness that undoubtedly was the result of his having been a great shortstop, he was once prone to call a player down publicly for a lapse in terms so blistering and profane that the man would resent it for weeks. Now he does it more gracefully.

"I get sore at myself mostly," he says. "I'll still rant and rave, sure, but I try not to show a man up. If I think he's behaved badly, broken training, say, I'll bring that out at an open meeting and let the player speak his mind. If he can't take it, he doesn't belong up here. But I'll wait a day, I'll sit on it. The same with loose play. After sleeping over it, I'll bring it up in a logical way and point out what was wrong. And then, too, if a man knows he's played bad ball and won't admit it, he shouldn't be out there."

THE NEAR AND THE FAR

Not that Durocher has become the perfect gentleman psychologist. Once last season, when the usually reliable Whitney Lockman failed to run out ground balls, Leo berated him in the middle of a game. Lockman and he exchanged face-to-face words in the dugout and the whole crowd saw it. Whitney was to blame for giving up, but Durocher retrospectively blames himself for having allowed the situation to get out of hand.

Durocher and Horace Stoneham, his boss, get along well professionally, but their relationship is not nearly as personally close as Leo's was with Sidney Weil or Branch Rickey. Stoneham is a shy, withdrawing man, who finds it as difficult to get started in conversation as Durocher does to stop. In a day when the front office interferes far more with the manager on the field than it used to, Stoneham has been no exception. During 1951, he violently opposed Durocher's shift of Lockman from the outfield to first base, and he was leath to bring the youthful Willie Mays in from Minneapolis with scant minor league experience. These moves, which Durocher insisted on, plus the shift of Bobby Thomson to third, a jointly sponsored maneuver of desperation, were responsible for the Giants' winning the pennant.

Even when Durocher has had his feud, the player involved has more often than not come to respect him afterward. Bobby Thomson was such



"In color, I suppose, they'd be purple."

a case. Leo's tongue-lashing of the sensitive but moody Scot had him close to the breaking point early in 1952, when he went into a prolonged slump before he snapped out of it by having his batting stance and his position in the field both changed. He had come to dislike Durocher intensely, but when he was traded to Milwaukee in 1954 he wrote Leo a letter in which he said, "I want you to know that it is with great regret that I leave the Giant organization and I consider myself fortunate to have played under you."

HOW TO PICK PLAYERS

Durocher has too much respect for talent not to give credit when it's due, and he has gone out of his way to praise players. "I might hate a man's guts, but if he did a good job for me, day in and day out, you could bet anything he'd be in my line-up 154 games," he says. "Any manager who only played the guys he liked personally would be crazy." Al Dark, the Giants' captain, who is regarded as a likely successor to Durocher some day, commented after the great 1951 victory, "Baseball players are individuals, very much so. But it was Leo who took us and molded us together into a team. You learn all the time from him, and you hear from him, too, when you're right as well as when you're wrong."

Although the Giants finished second in 1952, many think Durocher did as

even better job of managing that year, with Mays in the Army and Monte Irvin out most of the season with a broken ankle. But in 1953, Durocher completely, and perhaps typically, retrogressed; once again he proved himself, as he had back in 1942 with the Dodgers, a far better winning than losing leader. He was in constant trouble with umpires as the Giants started playing bad ball early in the season and kept on losing close games. Matters came to a head in June when Leo accused the National League umpires of conspiring against him as a group. "Don't tell me they don't get together before the game and decide that the first time a certain person says something, he's going to be put out," he shouted angrily to reporters. "Don't tell me about the great American pastime. We ought to call the game off in the fifth inning and serve pink tea. We'll give them white coats and let them be waiters. That's all they're good for anyhow. They're blind—B-L-I-N-D."

His mouth had got him into fresh and serious trouble. The next morning President Warren Gideon of the National League shot him a telegram. "If you are correctly quoted these are serious charges," it said. "Beginning June 11 you are ineligible to participate unless charges are substantiated or a public statement made." Durocher backed down further than he ever had

previously to save his job. He did all but sing the umpires' praises, denying he had meant to say anything that reflected against their integrity. "I was mad last night, and maybe I said too much . . ." he declared. Stoneham prodded him into admitting he was making a full retraction—and Leo got off with his third fine of the year. Giles, who handled the case beautifully, then told him, "I want you to be assured that the umpires have no special prejudice against you."

As the 1933 season wore on and the Giants got worse—they were to finish a bad fifth—Durocher's sadness brought some of the strongest press criticism ever leveled against him. He had been watching players around wildly, from position to position, until Stoneham, remembering McGraw's dictum to pick and play the regulars, told him to stop it. Joe Williams then wrote: "Because his one notable gift as a manager is his ability to get the maximum out of a contender, he is bent to worshipping with a team that is falling apart and is critically in need of refurbishment, and for that reason he is the worst possible manager of the Giants in their present state. . . . His temperament is such that if he doesn't have a permanent chance his ardor palls." Earlier, when Durocher had crashed a baseball dinner in Denver that he had promised to attend, and had incurred Stoneham's wrath as well as all of Colorado's, Williams had commented about his lack of "leading far and obligation to the game which took him out of smelly postrooms and brought him to wealth and fame."

ANOTHER SEVEN ON THE BICE

Had it not been for the peculiar response of Stoneham to all this, Durocher might once more have scolded, talked and talked himself out of baseball. But in mid-August, after the worst western trip a Giant team had had in a decade, Stoneham dramatically re-signed Durocher to a two-year contract, "not only as an expression of confidence but to forestall any loose talk that invariably comes up when a team is not in first place or not in the running for the pennant." Then, once again, luck and circumstances were with Leo.

"Leo is the best field manager since McGraw in my book," Stoneham said, not long ago. "As far as courage and conviction go, he second guesses only himself. His enthusiasm is tremendous. Every once in a while he gets too enthusiastic and optimistic, but he's be-

come a fine judge of ballplayers, there's no doubt about it. He's not as the defensive so much anymore, either." Stoneham then added what, for him, was as self-revealing as it was revealing of his manager, "Leo, with all his talk, is not too easily known," he said. "That's because he talks too much."

None of Durocher's famous superstitions, which include all sorts of odd gimmicks, such as leaving a certain coat hanging in a special place, amulets, rabbits' feet, and erasing third-base coaching lines with his spikes, were able to help the Giants in 1933, and at the end of the season he wisely sought a change of venue. He took the team on a tour of Japan, where his spontaneous anti-Japanese behavior, including the kissing of flower girls and heading low to umpires after he had chastised them in English, fortunately was everyone's affection. Commissioner Ford Frick called him "just about the greatest good-will ambassador we ever sent to the Orient."

The trip helped settle both Durocher and the Giants. Leo appeared at spring training in 1934 determined to cap a new leaf for the 31st time in his career. From the outset, he was smiling and gracious to the press, to the fans, to everyone. He kidded easily with his players, especially with his particular darling, Willie Mays, just back from service. At Stoneham's suggestion Leo began dressing with his men in the locker room instead of pri-

vately. As everyone knows, with Mays and Johnny Antonelli, the young pitcher obtained in the Thomson trade, showing the way, the Giants scored happily to the pennant ahead of the Detroit-less Dodgers.

What will be as interesting to watch as the way the Giants go this year is the way Durocher goes. How complete a man, within himself, has he really become? Surely the improvements noted by his friends and admitted by his detractors are there. Maybe, too, he never was as bad as he has sometimes cut himself out to be. He would seem to have everything he now wants, including fame, fortune and the security of a home and a family. As the articulate, dynamic leader of a World's Championship ball team, he has the certain satisfaction of knowing that his success has been a personal as well as a team triumph, since it epitomizes his own style of play. But whether Durocher has actually ever wanted permanent peace and plenty is part of the unanswered question. To paraphrase Branch Rickey: Leo may be too much at home in the woods ever to want to come out of them. "The important thing about Leo," Rickey says, "is that he'll never be foolish enough to let the same difficulty be repeated." It may also be that the good and the bad, in alternates down, plus the gambler's psychology of never looking back, is the truest possible key one can find to Leo Ernest Durocher. **—JMM**



DUROCHER'S INSPIRATION, who has learned all about baseball and shares his bitter moods when the Giants lose, knows at husband during 1934's victorious World Series.

THE COLLEGE ATHLETE

Sinc

In the May 23 issue, *Jimmy Jerald* has me saying, "All big-time college sports are subsidized. Players go to the highest bidder." While the statement is a fair but sinister-inveigle paragraph as far as it goes, it does not reflect my entire position as I presented it at a meeting of educators in Chicago and subsequently: I do not believe many colleges and universities violate the existing NCAA rules. However, I think the rules themselves should be revised so that an amateur is highly defined. *Against who anyone may think of compensation for becoming a player should be declared to be what he is in a profession.*

The implication that I am in any way opposed to college sports is unfounded. I feel intercollegiate athletics of the amateur variety have a high degree of educational value for young people. Nor am I opposed to "big time" college sports for institutions which wish to pursue such programs.

What I do oppose, however, is the practice of maintaining commercialized sports under the guise of "amateur" athletics. My position is a very simple one. Let those colleges sincerely interested in education select athletes over matriculation, without advance effort of any kind to induce athletes to go to their institutions instead of to some other. Such institutions could form an amateur league and play each other.

The next, those which recruit players with various inducements such as athletic scholarships, should eliminate the hypocrisy from their position and call themselves the National Collegiate Professional Athletic Association or some similar name, and restrict their athletes to members of this league.

To those college authorities and alumni who argue that athletic scholarships get a lot of boys a college education who wouldn't otherwise get to college at all, let me ask this:

If a student is worth a scholarship and is just as worthy academically as any other deserving applicant, why demand athletic skill as a prerequisite for helping him? And if he isn't usually worthy on academic merit, why do him the injustice of exploiting his athletic ability for the financial profit of a college from which the student cannot profit educationally? The scholarship

available "for athletes only" is nothing but pay for pay and should be clearly labeled such.

The only legitimate reason for enrolling a man at a college or university is that there is some foundation for believing he can benefit from the educational opportunity offered. Out of those who ought to be in college on that basis, many will have athletic skill and interest and will form fine amateur teams. As for those colleges which want to continue hiring players with scholarships and other devices and thereby failing professional teams, let them do so openly and without guile.

BRELL G. GALLAGHER
President
City College of New York

New York

THAT LITTLE FLY AND I

Sinc

What I like about SI is that it doesn't care much for me. This sometimes produces wonderful results. I am a "major sports" man: what's good for the season is good for me. Baseball when the days are long, football when the sky is gray, and hockey for the long winter nights. My weekly meeting with SI is therefore a somewhat breathless occasion, full of wondrous suspense and dark mutterings. Reddifying. Bear hunting. Badminton, anyone? No, sir, no one here but us two. But on occasion I manfully dive into my freshly mailed copy and find myself floating in a world of such pure, unsuspected pleasure that I come up knowing myself for the lurching square I am. Such a story was *Sparrow Grey Hawk's* piece on the trout fishermen of the Beaverkill (SI, May 23). Trout fish, as far as I am concerned, belong in dentists' waiting rooms, muzzed in toilet signet boxes. Fly fishermen I detest as vicious hermits who have perverted their parlor game skills into pure gamesmanship. But the world of *Sparrow Grey Hawk's*, as seen by him and so very obviously lived by him and the 13 members of that most delightful of all clubs, I must admit is a world he revealed from the dainty, roily clamor that I call being. To read him is to know for a short while the pure, wilderness, noncompetitive communion with oneself, a little fly, a lot of water and the dim, pleasant, unimportant possibility that one of these bears

something nice might happen—a totally satisfying experience to the reader, even if nothing in the world could drag me in the least to that riverbank.

SI, I love you. Not with the craving of the hunkish devotee for the pipe, but with the pained passion of a father toward a wayward child, who only rebels, but then so gloriously, fulfills his parents' dreams of a better, richer, finer life than his old man's.

J. B. ALAN

New York

WHAT'S THE SCORE?

Sinc

At last you ran a story on hunting the largest carnivorous bear on earth, the Alaska brown bear, display fine pictures and state this was the biggest kill of the season (SI, May 23). But not a mention, not a hint of the bear's dimensions—its weight, its height, size of its paws, breadth of its skull or any of a dozen other vital statistics, which are the central interest of such an article to many of your readers. I know Jim Nash was going on this hunt for a long while and am eager to learn the lowdown.

How about it—did your reporter think to get the size details, and if he did what were they?

NED CORN

New York

■ One of the details brought back by our reporter was that the Alaskan (Kodiak) bear is not carnivorous, but omnivorous. Mr. Nash, who shot one of the bears shown in SI, found one rear pad to be 14 inches in diameter and estimated the bear's weight at 1,000 pounds (it had recently come out of hibernation). However, a bear's trophy standing is determined entirely by measuring the length and width of the skull after the lower jaw has been removed. The two figures are added to produce the score. The measurements of Nash's bear were 17 9/16 inches by 22 2/16 inches, thus giving a score of 29 11/16. The Boone and Crockett Club founded by Theodore Roosevelt is the keeper of North American big-game records. World's record Kodiak



"Well, we've bagged the limit."

hear was shot by Ray Linsdale for the Los Angeles County Museum in 1912. It had a score of 30 12 16, only 11.16 more than Mr. Nash's.—ED.

THE MOSTST ENDORS

Sir:

Mr. Ulman certainly captured Tenning's fine personality (SI, May 2, 8, 1961). I was the 25th person to sign Mr. Tenning's register, the third from the United States, when I saw him in his Darjeeling home in 1961. He was a gracious host, allowing me to take several photographs (see call). He served the same kind of coffee that was used at an altitude of 25,000 feet, while describing the conquest of Mr. Everest. He donned his mountain climbing clothing and showed me that the spikes on the crampons had a length of two inches. Tributes and mementos from all over the world were hanging in the drawing room. He revealed a great deal of pride in these recognitions, but impressed me as being a very sincere and modest individual.

Some of the natives seemed to take Mr. Tenning's success for granted. They apparently did not take too much interest in it at that time, even though Tenning was the very center of international news. This confirms the old saying that a prophet or a hero is not without honor except in his own country.

I subscribed to a fund started at that time for the purpose of training Sherpas. Paying him in American dollars, I told him the story of Abraham Lincoln, whose picture is engraved on the five-dollar bill and of George Washington, whose picture is on the one-dollar bill.

WILLIAM FISHER

Chinmari



PENDING AT HOME

COME UP AND SEE ME SOMETIME

Sir:

As pictured on your May 21 cover, Gale Parry is the most beautiful thing in underwater sports.

I'm a part-time skin diver myself, and I've often done my diving off Santa Catalina Island where Miss Parry got her start. It was pleasant to think that I might someday see the lovely Gale return past me, 50 fathoms down, idly hunting for lobster and looking very much as the dam in your cover photograph.

Unfortunately, that dream lasted only as long as it took me to read the paragraph of your Par On The Water Parry. Then I discovered that she goes in for breaking depth records, completely equipped with "swimsuit, three wetsuit sweaters, long Navy underwear, rubber diving suit, swim fins, weight belt, face plate and lamp." If I met her dressed in that outfit I would eject my shark repellent and break for the surface.

May I urge Miss Parry to abandon her wetsuit sweaters and Navy underwear and return to the cover 10-fathoms level?

RICHARD KAMETON

Los Angeles

THAT CONSCIENTIOUS CHARACTER

Sir:

After reading the first part of *The Near Lives of Leo Darcher*, it is fascinating to realize the man he really is. Not only has he risen from leprosy to fame and fortune but has kept his mind to himself and his head upon his shoulders. Most of his life he was not only a man of character but also conscientious and hard working.

With the New York Giants, Leo has found himself. He is sure to stick with them for many years to come.

I am now waiting anxiously for the next issues to come out so I can read the remainder of his fabulous story. SI has really put out a bang-up story this time. Keep up the good work.

EDMOND A. ADRI

Washington

THOUGHT FOR FOOD

Sir:

Robert Shapiro's story on Leo Darcher is less reading. The first and second installments were enough to keep me leaning over to wait for the next one. Being a baseball fan of many years' standing, I really go for those stories.

Paul Richards' articles are also for fellow like me. I coached youngsters for 16 years and still love to read about strategy, especially from someone like Richards.

Our monthly Hot Stone dinner night is coming up and I guess the Darcher story will be discussed when the crew assembles.

MAX CORREX

Chief Stoker

Statens Island Hot Stone Lounge
Statens Island, N.Y.

LOOK, MOM, I'M FAMOUS

Sir:

The U.S. Naval Academy lacrosse team is well pleased with the publicity they received in SI, May 2, but one of our first classmen wasn't quite as overjoyed as he should have been.

While your photographer recorded the Navy-Harvard lacrosse game, the second platoon of the 12th company paraded across Farragut Field past the game in progress.

A few days later a 12th Company 1st was summoned to the "Mukewinzer's" office. Upon sounding off in the prescribed manner the quaking midshipman noticed a familiar magazine stretched across the big desk with a *Parra "2"* disciplinary form beside it. After a brief, one-sided discussion he was shown where he and his platoon were clearly shown in the picture featuring the lacrosse players. Since he was the only one out of step, had his head turned toward the players (and unfortunately and unknowingly toward the camera), and

showed other violations of military bearing, a debit on the Form "2" was considered applicable.

Try as you may . . . you can't beat the system!

JOE BRUNER

Annapolis

YOU SHOULD LIVE SO LONG

Sir:

I am sure where will agree with Mrs. Herbert Jones regarding the traditional alcoholic toast when one's husband is fortunate (SI) enough to achieve the great feat of a hole in one (1961 HOLE, May 16). We at the Phoenix Country Club have the perfect solution.

In 1948 the Insurance Agency of Cash, Sullivan, and Cross presented the club with a policy which entitles any member making a hole in one to treat his fellow members or guests to a drink (or drinks) up to the amount of \$50. During the years the policy has been in effect, 19 players have had the distinction of making a hole in one and the added pleasure of treating and being treated at the expense of the insurance agent. Unfortunately, Messrs. Cash, Sullivan and Cross have not been among those 19.

Your excellent magazine was a gift to my son but is read from cover to cover by every member of the family.

HELEN B. CASH

Phoenix, Ariz.

THE BIGGEST? THE LOUDEST?

Sir:

The demise of Harvard's famous oxymoron drum was measured in SI's March 14 issue. Later a brass Texas appeared in the 1961 HOLE, claiming the honor for the world's largest drum, naturally, for Texas University. Meanwhile a group of loyal New England sentimentalists quietly banded together and commissioned the Shinglerland Drum Company to come up with this drum for Harvard (see call). Is it the world's largest? Is it the world's loudest? Performance data will be shrouded in secrecy until the big drum makes its debut this fall on Soldiers Field, *Planet Harvard!*

ANDREW DE HUNTER

Cambridge



WHO WILL BEAT IT?

THE ART OF YACHTING

Sir:

May I say that SI's May 16 color picture of boat hulls were splendid. Ocean racing itself is increasing, together with all boating. The 78 events in last year's Bermuda

race made it the largest in history, and there are two transatlantic races scheduled this year. At least 15 yachts are being shipped to Sweden to take part in the Around Gullfarna Island race this summer and the Fastest race in England. It is true that the total maintenance for boats like these runs high. That is not to say, however, that there is a close correlation between the amount spent on an ocean racer and the number of races she wins. A yacht can be a modest or a very expensive proposition. The real art is to have a top-flight racer with a minimum of expenditure. What wins a race is not the money spent, but rather a capable crew, a capable skipper and luck.

As for building costs, it is true that some owners believe they have saved by having their ships built abroad, but, due to no fault of the foreign builders, the saving is considerably diminished by the time the boat is ready to sail in American waters. Changes have very often to be made on this side of the Atlantic to bring the ship up to racing trim. Furthermore, some discrepancies often arise when architect and builder are separated by an ocean. There seems to be a definite trend among boat owners to return to American yards for the construction of their boats. Nevins Yacht Yard is able to compete in the building market with the lower-paying European yards because of their extensive use of elaborate jigs and patterns, their well-equipped machine shop and their long standing reputation for doing the best possible job on every square inch of the ships they build.

CARL HOGARD

New York

DISASTEROUS CRITICISM

Sir:

It is very distasteful for me to be overly critical of any articles in *SI*, since the average report in your publication has been factual, and, as far as I can determine, accurate. However, I believe your May 14 article, *Bad Time for Big Boats* to be inaccurate to the point of being ridiculous.

In the first place, I don't believe that any 65-foot yacht costs \$25,000 a year to maintain. I recently owned a 73-foot cutter myself, and outside of rehabilitating and replacing old and worn-out rigging, mechanical parts, etc., I would estimate that the maintenance costs were around \$4,000 or \$5,000 a year to keep in perfect condition.

The most inaccurate statement in the article, however, is, and I quote, "By contrast, Seattle harbors only 23 ocean racers in the 45-foot-plus category; and were it not for the existence of the large Boeing Aircraft plant with its complement of highly paid executives, there might not be more than five." That statement is about as far off the truth as anything could possibly be, because in the 45-foot-plus category there is, to my knowledge, only one yacht owned by a Boeing executive and he is Clair Egvedt, chairman of the board at Boeing. True, many Boeing employees own boats, however, they are mostly smaller ones from Lightnings and Flatties up to a couple of 35- and 40-footers.

Examples of large boat owners in this area are: a portrait photographer, an insurance executive, an architect, a banker, four or five doctors, two or three lawyers, a university professor, a university coach, a paper-box manufacturer and an optician.

For accuracy Mr. Hewes might count again the number of sailboats in the Newport Beach-Escondido race of these weeks ago . . . not 77, but 174 at the last count.

H. E. RICHMOND

Seattle

● *SI* attributed the \$25,000 maintenance tag to the 57-foot racing yawl *Circe*, owned by Carl Hogard (see above). This sum would keep a boat like the *Circe* in perfect racing trim and also provide the captain's and steward's annual salary, yard charges, changes and alterations in rigging and hull, a year's ongoing provisioning and a new sail or two. Reader Richmond, owner of the 48-foot yawl *Polio III*, is right in nominating Chairman Egvedt as Boeing's only large boat owner although Seattle boat brokers and yard managers agree that Boeing sailing enthusiasts provide a great stimulus to all classes of boats. The recent Newport Beach-Escondido race saw only 77 Ocean Racing Class boats entered, as *SI* stated. Mr. Richmond's 191 additional craft raced in other classes.—ED.

MY BASELINE ROMANCE

Sir:

Like a tightwad who corners the doc at a cocktail party for free advice on his aches and pains instead of making an appointment at the office, I scour *SI* weekly for the articles on muscles and exercising.

I hope the day will come soon when you publish an article on the cramping of leg and foot muscles. I am an energetic tennis player who tries to make up in doggedness

what the lack is still, with the result that after a couple of sets on a hot day, I just naturally expect to end up being carried off the court with my legs and feet crained in grotesque knots. Muscle cramping is a very painful and frustrating condition which seems to affect a lot of people, particularly in the legs and feet. I was in Cleveland at the national pro championships the year Kovacs, playing magnificently, had to yield to Segura in the finals after pulling up with severe leg cramps. I thought then that if such a thing could happen to a great and experienced player like Kovacs, then nobody must know very much about the cause and possible prevention, not to mention the cure, for the affliction.

Of course, I have been told that if I would quit running the business all the way through a long match and come up to the net more frequently to try to polish the whole thing off quickly, I would not get so tired and would not succumb to muscle spasms. Be that as it may, there are times when no one can avoid long rallies from the baseline, and in anticipation of such times, I implore you to get someone to come forth with the why's and wherefores of leaping, protesting muscles.

MARY EVANS

New York

● Bill White, our *KIEP* IN THE PINK man, says he has developed several cramped fingers himself, leading through medical books in search of cramp causes and cures. So far, he says, massage seems to be the best treatment available. On page 54 you'll find an article on back massage, the first of a series of these. Next week: neck and shoulders. June 20: feet and legs.—ED.





PAT ON THE BACK

JANET HOPPS

When she was a tomboyish 12, Janet Hopps switched from baseball and football to tennis because "Mother decided to get me into something more ladylike." Now 24, Janet is the No. 1 "man" on the Seattle University tennis team, ranks 18th nationally in women's tennis and is national all-college women's champion. An A student, she majores in history and political science. This season Janet won six of nine intercollegiate matches—all against men. Coach Marvin Fletcher has a simple explanation of how his talented junior achieved the top position on his team: "She creamed all the competition."

PRETTY POOL SHARKS

Rosalee Wong, Judy Forles and Ethel Rolle, all of Tucson, have won the women's intercollegiate pocket billiards championship for the University of Arizona. The pretty coeds practiced nightly for five months, then walloped a 16-college field, scoring 110 points (vs 69 for second-place Purdue) to give Arizona its first pocket billiards title. None of the girls knew how to shoot pool until they went to the U. of A., where the game is included in a non-credit recreation class. Judy scored 52 points all by herself to win the tournament's individual championship.





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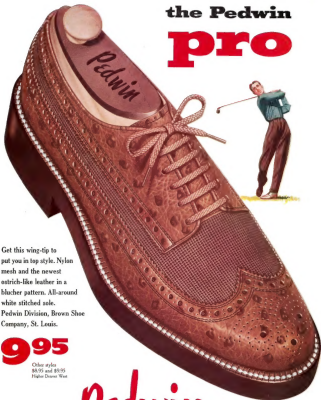
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